

Should Wild Animals be kept in Captivity?
by H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S.

The Quiver

Sept. 1921

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THE QUIVER

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Complete with Special Detachable Suspensers.



Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

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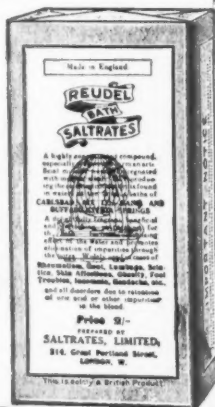
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THE QUIVER

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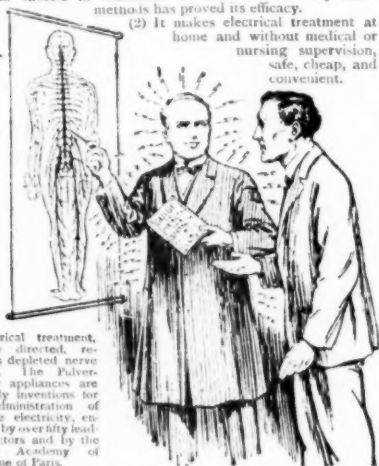
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THAT you are not asked to make any risky experiment in un-dergoing treatment by electricity is proved both by the wonderful success of the Pulvermacher Electro-logical Treatment in a great number and variety of ailments, and by the fact that these successes have completely won over medical men in its favour. This conversion is the more remark-able because there is no more conservative body of men.

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- (2) It makes electrical treatment at home and without medical or nursing supervision, safe, cheap, and convenient.



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HALL'S DISTEMPER—more artistic and durable than wallpaper, more economical; makes rooms appear larger and lighter.



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makes healthy as well as picturesque homes, displays furniture and pictures to greatest advantage and saves money.

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KOPS LIME JUICE CORDIAL. LEMON SQUASH.

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For those who desire the best underwear they can afford, yet cannot reach to the all-wool cost, the "Olympic" Brand has been introduced, containing a percentage of cotton, but bearing otherwise the same guarantee of quality as the regular lines.

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It's grand, magnificent, marvellous to feel well and strong again after being ill and ailing—after feeling run down, nervous, depressed, and unable to take your full pleasure out of life.

It is the experience of a lifetime when you feel your heart's blood coursing its exhilarating streams through the once weakened veins and arteries. It is a joy of joys to feel the nerves strong and steady, and to notice the crisp firmness of the muscles that once were flabby and weak. And yet it is an experience every sufferer may enjoy. The secret is in one word—ELECTRICITY—kind Nature's one infallible remedy, and the greatest power to cure that the world can produce.

There is no bar to your full enjoyment of its benefits. It is no system for the rich alone—but one that all may freely and confidently adopt. Science has shown nothing more marvellous than the victory of Electric treatment over such terribly painful and harassing illnesses as Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago; than the splendid rebuilding of weakened nerves in cases of Debility, Neurasthenia, Neuralgia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Lack of Confidence; than the renewal of strength of the digestive system in cases of Indigestion, Kidney, Liver, and Bowel complaints.

The method is as easy and certain as it is convenient. All you need to do is to put on an "Ajax" battery for one hour each day. You can do this while resting, and as you sit in your comfortable chair or recline on the couch it is delightful to feel the mysterious, soothing, healing, and strengthening power circulating through your system in a beautifully soft flood. Of course, this cannot be done with an ordinary battery, such as those used for electric lights, &c., because in such a battery, naturally, the current is neither radiated nor properly adapted. Shocking coils, too, which irritate the nerve centres, are also useless for the purpose. The correct and scientific method to apply is the "Ajax" Dry Cell Body Battery, which is specially made so that all the important nerve centres radiating through the system are simply saturated with the new-life-giving current. You will be surprised and delighted beyond measure by the wonderfully stimulating effect of the "Ajax" Body Battery, and to realise the real and permanent manner in which your ailments are cured.

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The Editor's Announcement Page

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Nothing can be more important than that the children of the rising generation should be brought up fully equipped to face the battle of life. Yet in a striking article a Special Correspondent has prepared for my next number, he maintains that millions of money are being wasted on Education.

This article is bound to create violent criticism, yet the matter is such an important one that I feel that his views should be seriously considered. I am offering a Prize of Five Guineas for the best criticism of this forthcoming article.

Will readers bring it to the notice of school teachers and others interested in Education? It will be one only of the striking features in my October number.

The Editor

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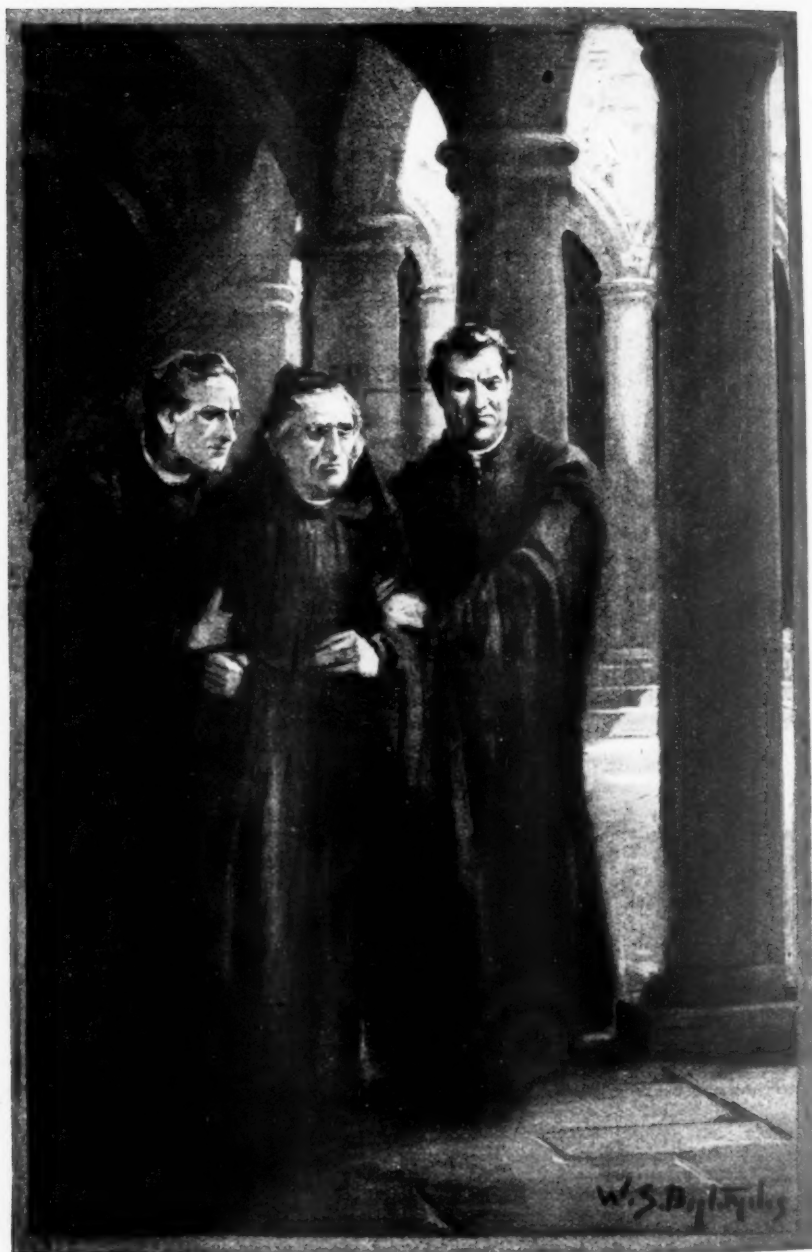
The QUIVER

Sympathy

How seldom we realize that what people want from us is not criticism, instruction, advice—but just sympathy. Not, indeed, sympathy of the spurious sort—sentimental froth ladled out indiscriminately, but the sympathy that is willing to listen, ready to discern, able to understand. Sympathy, after all, is not a mere gift of the gods, but the simple faculty of putting yourself in another person's place.

Most people want to talk of their own ailments: how rare it is to find a person who will listen!

If you want to do great good in the world, do not bother to perfect your eloquence—just try to listen, and by your sympathy you will help to heal the wounds of the world.



"With the manciple's arm at one side and Morton's at the other he went forth along the short cloister into chapel"

Drawn by
W. S. Bayard-pala

The Master

THE Theological College of St. Austin's, Paston, is a mile outside the town, one of the old Templars' houses rebuilt and enlarged. It stands against the green hillside almost silvery with its walls of split flint pointed with long and short work in Caen stone, but beyond the small Norman undercroft of the chapel the fabric is modern.

"Modern," thought Maclaren, looking from his study window across the lawn. "Modern, yet very ancient too, for surely this soil has been set aside as a gift to God since before King John signed the Great Charter." The associations of the place crowded on him there as a host, not so much of men as lives, devout lives manfully endured there long and long ago in the service of mankind.

There was a knock and the manciple entered. "Your luggage is at the gate, father," he said. "I am boiling up a big hot-water bottle for your feet."

"My dear chap, it's August!"

Simms took no notice of the protest; he was busy in a rather aimless way tidying the warden's desk. "Everything will be just as you like it, father, when you come back—lecture list on the left-hand side, the duty rota underneath." He paused and resumed in a hurry. "These operations, father, it is wonderful what they do now. My sister's little girl was operated on for adenoids last month, and she's as fit as a fiddle. It's wonderful. We'll have you back again in a week or so and you won't know yourself."

The warden ran his hands through his silvered hair. "Thanks, Simms," he said, smiling. "I trust I shall."

He came uncertainly up the room and sat in his own chair, his arms upon the carved bosses, his massive head held high, the strong, ascetic face lined with pain. This was a memory that he wanted to take with him through the dark, himself in his place, himself the very heart of St. Austin's. It had given him surcease from his weariness often, when disease had racked him, to think how far his work had spread,

The Story of a Noble Fight

By
Michael Kent

teaching, healing, revealing in the dark places of the earth. It was, as they sang in the song of the brotherhood,

"By fir we be, and maple tree,
By myrtle, palm and pine."

Truly the sons of St. Augustine, his sons, moulded and sent out under his rule, had travelled far.

The sub-warden entered, robed for matins. "Everything is arranged, father," he said. "You need be under no misapprehension. When you come back you will find all things just as you wish."

Maclaren nodded. "I will have time for matins," he said.

"Is it wise?" Canon Morton frowned. "You must spare yourself fatigue, father."

"I will go in," returned Maclaren, a voice there was no denying. "You shall take me, Morton. I desire to see the chapel once again."

The bell was ringing and he got to his feet. Simms ran forward. "Your surplice, father."

With the manciple's arm at one side and Morton's at the other he went forth, scarlet-hooded and stoled, down the stone stair and along the short cloister into chapel.

The mellow, yellow light was a comfort to him, and the quiet, austere ritual. He leaned back in his stall, not so much observing it all as identifying himself with it, as though he touched and was absorbed in the whole body of Divinity. "Om mani padme hum," he murmured beneath his breath. "There is truth in the pagan saw."

Canon Morton's cough sharply broke in on the vague course of his thought, a cough that was significant, anxiously signalling.

A third-year man stood at the lectern for the first lesson. He was absorbed turning over the pages. Maclaren saw his adjutant stir in his stall as though about to rise, and then the reader took up the lesson unheeding. "And it came to pass when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven."

The words struck the warden as ominous at that time and in that place. He could

THE QUIVER

not free himself from their personal application. Morton, it was plain, had foreseen too late. Morton had feared. This was surely a sign and a portent.

Here the voice of the reader broke in: "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? And he answered, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace."

Thereon the reader himself paused a moment, startled, and resumed, hurrying desperately. But the peculiar significance of the passage had frozen the chapel, for Maclaren was very dear to all there, and they knew well that the scalpel which he was to endure was an arbiter of life. A polar stillness and silence fell on them, and in the silence the still aved voice said, "And the sons of the prophets that were at Jericho came to Elisha."

It was present to all minds how the dormitory of the first-year men was called Jericho.

"Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? And he answered, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace."

A youth among the first-year men leant forward and bowed his head in his hands.

Suddenly the sub-warden rose. "Here endeth the first lesson," he cried, interrupting, and without waiting for the reader plunged into the *Te Deum*.

Now to Maclaren in his stall it seemed of a surety that this was the end of his work at St. Austin's, wherefore he gave the Benediction when it was time, standing at the altar rail and stretching forth his hand to them: "My sons, the Lord bless you and keep you—"

They gathered in the cloisters to see him pass, but to the warden it seemed not as if the present generation kept his path, but rather as though those named upon the memorial stones had come from the ends of the earth, Sowerby dead on the Congo, Cutts whom the Boxers killed, Mirrilees victim and victor of an Indian plague, Carr of the North-West, a cloud of witnesses thronging to the passing of their master.

II

"YOU are one of the lucky ones, sir. A lot of our patients don't go out for weeks, and you are going to the theatre before you've been here three days!" A bustling, pink-checked nurse, tucking the

rug round him in the stretcher, babbled courageous nonsense with which the cheery acolytes of the knife fight their tragedy.

The warden smiled. "Are you coming too, sister?"

"Got a seat in the stalls," she said. "And I'll tell you a secret—Sir Vivian Cairns is the cleverest performer in the whole world."

A theatre attendant took the handles of the wheeled ambulance, and they passed through noiseless, dustless passages to the waiting-room.

Sir Vivian was there, getting into his long white coat, and Gaitskill, Maclaren's own doctor, who had first discovered his imminent need. They talked a minute or two gravely together, and the great surgeon came down to the patient. "I wonder if you remember my cousin, Gavin Cairns, canon? He was through your hands years ago."

"Of course, of course," replied the warden, overjoyed to find even in this austere house of pain some link with his beloved brotherhood. "I remember him well. He went to Burmah."

"Did some very good work out there," added Sir Vivian, and hurried his patient to another topic. "Here's Martell who is going to give you gas, sir. Martell and I have been in many a conspiracy together. Haven't we, Martell?"

The anaesthetist nodded, smiling. He was a very quiet, watchful man, screwed to a pin-point of concentration, hurrying without haste, by force of method, without waste action. "Just think of the pleasantest things you know." He slipped the mask into place. "The very pleasantest things."

Sir Vivian stepped quietly into the theatre.

The low, soothing tone had its way. Maclaren's thoughts went on the instant back to the sunlit lawns of St. Austin's, the studies opening upon the cloister wall, the chapel.

"Breathe regularly now." Martell at his head gave a glance at his patient's face, the white hair at the brows which seemed to invest him with more than his forty-eight years, the deep-set, hypnotic eyes, the stern, ascetic chin that seemed to dwindle under the dominant brow, the thin, twisted lips set in deep-cut parentheses of pain. For a moment he permitted himself to wonder where he had seen that face before, and remembered in a flash. It was the Nelson of Romney. There was the same zest, the



"'Well, canon,' said the great surgeon, 'I can congratulate you . . . I have never seen a more painful case'" — p. 904

Drawn by
W. S. Blythe

THE QUIVER

same eager soul for driving power, the same stern will for guide. "Beautifully," purred Martell. "That's excellent. Breathe quite regularly now."

Suddenly, breaking on the anaesthetist's phrase, roused by the memory of the chapel out of the subconscious, came a boding voice, chilling the warden's heart, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? Yea, I know it——"

In furious revolt against this surrender of his volition his spirit clung tenaciously to consciousness. It was better to take the six months before the disease should surely carry him off than to gamble on the chance of many years to be won or lost on the perilous twist of a knife. He would tell them he had changed his mind. He would go back—he would explain that he had received a sign, a—what was it?—an—All in a flash sparks began to gather behind his lids, a swirl of them like blown snow. They whirled into blackness, booming thunderously.

He was not.

Then in a moment he swooped into being again, perceiving himself, realizing his identity. But there was no light. There was no time or space. How long he hovered in that darkness he did not know, nor even whether that essence, which he had now become, traversed it. There was nothing to mark, to give evidence of passage, only the darkness.

But at length he found a distant point of light and hailed it with a surge of the soul as a man adrift on troubled seas might lay feeble hands upon a floating buoy. He urged towards it, rejoicing that the mere matter of his own volition was enough to carry him. So, gathering, as it seemed, momentum from his eager heart, he swooped through the unimagined emptiness of space out of the black into a twilight, into a rosy half-light, into a warm and mellow orange, into gold.

And in the sphere of gold he was aware of one that kept pace with him.

The recognition was more intimate than that of the eye, and he could not define the process of its functioning. It detracted, too, from that inner abhorrence of the black which had set him moving, for it drew from his will. Thus Maclaren paused in the golden light, and in the pause knew his companion. It was Sowerby, Sowerby of the Congo.

In the theatre they had been at work fully five minutes. The glare of the blue-white arcs flooded them, silent, sinister figures, shrouded and swathed, working on the pallid form with so remote a precision, such callous slowness, as if the life of a man were nothing. Martell held the head. His eyes were fixed, unwavering. Eyes, ears, hands, in fact, were all chained to the will to watch. About the middle of the table Cairns worked delicately, as a woman who arranges flowers in a vase, every finger, every muscle as infallible as the steel they guided. And the theatre sister stood at his elbow, anticipant, with an uncanny, telepathic sympathy. At times the surgeon would stretch his left hand behind him with a vague, muttered monosyllable. His want was always foreseen—a swab, a clip, warm and wet from its aseptic bath, an end of thread. Only the frost of sweat upon the two men's faces and their tense breath betrayed that life or death was the issue of their handiwork. At times the surgeon turned a wheel that tilted the table, sometimes in sections, sometimes as a whole. The click of the used sponges as they were cast abroad upon the parquet was the only sound.

In the place of golden light Maclaren met Sowerby and recognized him, and this act came strangely to invest them both with bodies and speech, as if the earlier, more intimate recognition had awakened a creative memory.

"Father," cried the younger man. "It is good to find you again." He scanned the warden narrowly. "What of the brotherhood?"

"The brotherhood endures," replied Maclaren with content. It was good to pause here out of the terrors of the dark. In the place from which he had fled there had been nothing, nothing everywhere and eternally, except himself. Now that he had escaped, the thought of it flooded him with hysteria, to be a voice for ever calling in the dark without reply, to be a hand for ever groping, an ear listening eternally and never hearing, and still to be.

But here the eyes of Sowerby were upon him with love, hope and pity.

The pity struck an incongruous note in the warden's mind. Where was there room for pity? "You were on the Congo," he said at last. "It grieved me greatly to hear."

"Oh!" cried Sowerby, "that was nothing."

It was a matter of poison, a witch doctor. I would not tell them when they found me. There were three hours and I would not tell those who found me. The witch doctor feared and wondered, and when he knew I had not told he came to one of our men at Boma. He is not now a witch doctor. He has gone back to his own people and does great work for us."

"Then it was not vain," said the warden emphatically.

"In living or dying nothing is vain," returned Sowerby.

It brought back to the warden's memory the song of the brotherhood:

"From Paston to the Great Karroo, and East
against the sun
With slotted sheet or standard meet in sign
of tasks well done,
Full quietly our brothers lie whom never more
the strain
'The Sons of Saint Augustine' shall call to
arms again."

And suddenly they flocked about him—Mirrilees, in his white ducks and great sun helmet; Carr, who had frozen by his huskies on the bitter plains; Bobby Smith, drowned in the great lakes; a cloud of dim forms, dimly remembered from the twenty years of his association with the college on the bare chalk down. They gave him love and friendly greeting. A hundred questions were asked and answered instantly in raying thought.

This flashing interplay was severed abruptly as the snapping of a string may kill the woven harmonies of a violin. The warden, in a flame of exultation, had cried, "I shall learn much from you now, my sons."

It seemed as though the words had in some way interrupted their communion. The quick play of radiant thought stilled. To Maclaren it was as if their spirits had suddenly withdrawn and were, from a distance, judging him, not unkindly nor without sympathy, but judging.

"Then," asked Mirrilees, "what of St. Austin's, father?"

"Surely," said Maclaren, "I have done with St. Austin's."

Martell stole a hand to the patient's pulse, then he delicately raised a purple eyelid. "Much longer, Cairns?" he asked sharply.

The surgeon did not raise his eyes from the scalpel point, but for a second he froze.

"It was deep," he said. "The man's been tortured. Two minutes."

"Sooner the better." Martell ran his thin fingers under the lower ribs, feeling the life ebb out. "He's slipping through!" he cried harshly. "I can't give you a second more."

"It's only the needle." The surgeon flicked in his work on the anæmized tissue and stepped away. "Go ahead, Martell." He sat down, suddenly cold, depressed. All the virtue had gone out of him. His arms hung limply at his sides, and his head leaned back upon the enamelled panelling.

But Martell set furiously to work. Each hand, independent, intelligent, seemed to work on its own initiative. "Hot water, sister. The syringe, please." The table was flattened out, the feet raised. "Oxygen!"

He walked round the figure on the table, scrutinizing anything that might make a difference in the grim battle that had devolved upon him. "Absolute collapse," he muttered as he pushed the hypodermic needle into the unshrinking flesh. The sister was fixing the funnel of the oxygen tube.

"I have done with St. Austin's. I have done with St. Austin's." The idea seemed to flicker and reverberate through the immensity with dismay. And Mirrilees returned answer: "It is not over with you, father. It is not as with us."

"Not as with you, my sons?"

The silence reminded him of the silence and emptiness of the dark from which he had fled.

Sowerby broke it. "Father," he said, "it is yours to choose."

"I will stay here," returned the warden, for he was a-dread of the dark. "I dare not go back."

"Yet for the younger brethren," said Cutts.

Deep in the soul of the warden there was a memory insistent, tireless, tapping for recognition, and the last word provided it with an association that brought it to the upper perceptive mind. It was the lesson at his last chapel. The scene flashed back on him, the sunlight from the lawn drawing its yellow lozenge on the aisle, the stiff, drawn faces, the voice at the lectern, and the younger brethren, that first-year man with his head upon his hands.

In sudden exaltation he spoke the words which had weighed him down as a portent of disaster and were now the spell to call him back. "Knowest thou that the Lord

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will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" And he turned towards the darkness. "I will go back."

For a while he felt the warming impulse of their goodwill, as a master and king acclaimed by honouring subjects, then on the outer edges of the orange he lost them one by one. But he went on into the utter cold and loneliness. As the descent was easy the ascent was hard. The effort of will came to be like a physical pain, numbing yet agonizing. The fires of his high quest were with him till he reached the borders of the dark and the far light had become a dim blur beneath. And with the dying of the light died hope. Earth and heaven were uncertain dreams. His fight was vain. Nowhere at all was there warm companionship or high ideal to succour him. Only there was the void, the void and himself, himself, who was now nothing but a will to continue.

In the theatre Martell, with his hand on the patient's heart, turned to the sister. "The battery," he said. "Heart stopped a minute ago."

Adrift in the void of the infinite the soul of the warden clung to his choice, "I will go back." The fixed and tyrant thought held him down to the toil and pain of his endeavour, gave him being when all else had fled. All memory, the exalting thought and glamour of his great enterprise had fallen away. Who or what he was, why or what he chose, was forgotten. Only his own imperious will urged him to prove the terrors of space, annihilation that was worse than destruction because it left him still the power to perceive. There was not earth nor heaven, nor stars, only Maclaren in the formless dark, Maclaren urging on his own shrinking soul to an errand of which he had lost the reason, on a course of which he had no knowledge, for a purpose which he had forgotten. He had become no longer a mind. He was only a thought, and the thought was, "I will go back."

Then that, too, was blotted out.

Maclaren was not.

Martell had not moved to apply the battery. Even as he spoke the subtle fingers, pressing at the ribs, had felt a shadow of a throb. He had begun to fill another injec-

tion when the sister spoke. "There is respiration, sir!"

He dashed back. His eye, long practised, took in the vaguest change upon the skin. Very slowly there arose a quick, shallow twitter of breath that lengthened and deepened. Then with a sigh the wandering soul came back.

III

SIR VIVIAN CAIRNS entered the room with the house surgeon the next morning. Maclaren, flat on his back, strapped and bandaged, regarded the ceiling placidly. He was very tired.

"Well, canon," said the great surgeon, "I can congratulate you. I will stake my reputation that the trouble you have borne—I have never seen a more painful case—will never return again."

The warden sighed. "How can I measure my gratitude?" he asked.

The topic displeased the house surgeon, who did not wish to have his patient's emotions stirred. "Don't you worry about that," he said. "Sir Vivian had the time of his life. You are quite a modern miracle, canon."

"And when shall I be back amongst my boys?" asked Maclaren.

Sir Vivian laughed. "I would have been willing to bet that that would be your first question," he remarked. "In a month if you're good."

"And why," asked Maclaren sleepily, "would you be willing to bet, Sir Vivian?" He was very content with the verdict.

"It was something that Martell told me," explained the surgeon. "Your last thought before you went under, you know. 'I will go back,' you said. It's a great thing, sir, to have a hold on life like that. Drugs don't do everything, and you stood a bit of a strain yesterday. I believe it was your boys who brought you back."

"Yea, I know it," murmured the warden. "Hold ye your peace." And he slept.

Some people will say the warden's soul turned from the gates of heaven to complete his work on earth, and some will say that he suffered a medley of dreams woven from his subconscious memory by alcohol, chloroform and ether.

Yet who sends dreams?



Should Wild Animals be Kept in Captivity ?



Photo. Gambier Burton

By H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.

The Performing Animals Bill was rejected by the House of Commons a few weeks ago. To anyone who knows anything of the Behind the Scenes education of animals, in which the spiked collar, hot irons, electrical machinery, the fork, even drugs are employed, the present indifference of Parliament is a matter of wonder. The energetic promoters of the Bill have, however, been widely misunderstood in that there are many sympathetic people who have not discriminated sufficiently between the "free" captive, such as one sees at Regent's Park, and the pathetic performing captive in the possession of unscrupulous money makers. In this article the author has endeavoured to clear the air and to remove some of the painful misunderstandings which exist in connexion with zoological collections

THOUGH at times our sympathies for wild birds and beasts kept in captivity are thoroughly well deserved, there is no doubt that we are very apt to picture their yearnings for freedom in colours that are far too vivid. Take, for example, birds of prey, birds of the great open spaces, such as eagles, condors, falcons, and the like, which generally come in for an unusual amount of sympathy owing to the fact that in wild nature they have the boundless heavens at their disposal. It is not generally understood that these birds, as a class, seldom or never

wander for the sake of the thing when free. They are, given the opportunity, among the most sedentary of all birds, and only one thing decides the extent of their peregrinations—the abundance or otherwise of their food. The falcons as a whole are certainly a restless class, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that they, like the eagles and vultures, will sit day after day almost without moving on some favourite perch if a sufficiency of food be brought to them, and if they be given no temptation to rise in pursuit of other birds. This is more than ever true of the eagles, the buzzards, the vultures,

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**The Growl
of Hate**

*Photo:
Gansier Bolton, F.Z.S.*

etc., for in a wild state these birds seldom or never fly for the fun of the thing, any more than a labourer goes down into the earth with pick and shovel because he likes it. They fly because it is necessary to do so for a living, and if well fed and sheltered they have few other desires in life.

It is, however, a fact that in the spring of the year, that is, the mating season, these birds are apt to become very restless in captivity, and to rouse the sympathies of spectators by their efforts to escape from their aviaries and by their plaintive cries. But they are responding to a call far more important to the species than that which in man is called "wanderlust." Truly it is indirectly a desire to wander off above the boundless earth, but if each could be given a mate of its choice it would be entirely happy to remain in captivity. The central

desire, then, is not for freedom, but a desire to find a mate, for it may be mentioned that some of these birds, like the little brown partridge of the stubble fields, marry for love, so that man is helpless as a match-maker.

I remember some years ago, before I came really to study the ways of wild birds and beasts in captivity, I was asked to obtain specimens of the merlin hawk for a public collection. I got two young birds from the nest, away back in the hills, and brought them up by hand. In due course they were handed over to the park, perfectly tame and contented with their lot.

It happened that I was abroad for some considerable time after, and on my return to the Old Country I visited the collection. It was the spring of the year, and nearing the aviaries I heard a sound which instantly

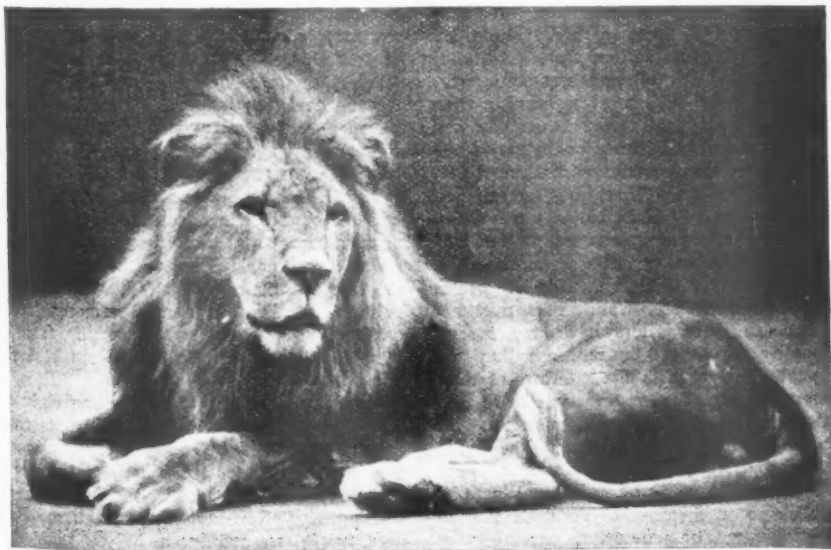
SHOULD WILD ANIMALS BE KEPT IN CAPTIVITY?

took me back to my own native hills—a wild “kee-kee-kee,” which brought the very scent of the heather to one’s nostrils. A minute later I saw my merlins. There was the tercel, in all the glory of his Love Moon plumes, standing on his perch with his tapered wings outspread and quivering, while his piercing gaze seemed concentrated on the haze of distant hills just visible through the chimney pots. Something seemed to call me a thief and a traitor, for how often had I seen the wild merlin hanging on quivering wings against the golden twilight, uttering that same wild love note which breaks the quietude of the hills only in the spring!

Yet sympathetic people who denounce the practice of keeping wild birds and beasts in captivity need to remember that, while the cruelty of it is often a matter of imagination, the captives are of real value to ourselves. Some of them are extremely harmful to man’s interests when free, and amidst their native surroundings they rejoice the hearts of very few, since those who see them are accustomed to seeing them, and as often as not wish them elsewhere. Naturally it would give you or me infinitely more pleasure to see a wild eagle or a wild peregrine amidst its native surroundings than

to behold a luckless captive in a white-washed cage, but there are hundreds and thousands who would never see a living specimen at all if it were not for our zoological collections. In this vast majority are many, many genuine nature-lovers, to whom it is a very real joy to stand and gaze at the bird or beast of their dreams.

Again, taking the point of view of the captive bird or animal, it is well to bear in mind that in a wild state their lives are not always enviable. Whether they know it or not they are infinitely better off in captivity, where, at any rate, fear plays a small, if any, part in their lives, and where hunger is unknown to them. Though there are, of course, many exceptions, to live in fear and to die by violence is the common order in the wild. Some wild creatures live to enjoy a peaceful old age amidst their natural surroundings, but very few, and these are generally the most formidable and the least lovable. Taking the smaller wild beasts of this and other lands, the majority of them are overcome by their foes immediately their senses begin to lose their keenness. During almost every day of their lives they are weighed in the balance with their enemies, and it is surprising how slender their hold upon existence is. The



**The Captive
Monarch**

An African Lion in captivity at the Zoo

Photo :
Gambler Bolton

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slightest disablement, be it muscular or simply in their sense of sight or smell, and the beam is tipped in favour of their foes.

In tropical countries this applies with far greater force than in the north, but in the north winter makes up anything that may be lacking. For one and all frost and snow is a terrible and cruel enemy, which, truly, only the fittest survive. Even the otter and the fox, which have few enemies outside man and his hounds, often suffer the greatest hardships, and while the Ice King reigns their lot becomes a most pitiable one. Similarly wild deer, which in tropical lands have so many animal foes to contend with—so many foes, indeed, that their life habits are governed not by that which is most agreeable to their tastes, but with a view to keeping alive, often preferring lands of hunger to the prevalence of their enemies—have in this country, instead of animal foes, snow, damp, and ice with which to contend. Often they sink into a sad state of weakness and hunger, and I have known wild deer to be weighed down by the accumulated snow on their backs, being so weak that they could not shake it off, with the result that they fell in their tracks.

These, then, are some of the natural heritages of which we relieve a wild beast by taking it into captivity, where it is of some value to man besides being far better off as concerns its own life. There are people of limited intellect who, if all they needed in the way of food and drink were at hand, would seldom or never stir from one easy-chair, yet even these human animals possess something in the way of an imagination, which in the wild is mercifully lacking. Again, it must be remembered that a wild bird or beast has to put up with practically anything it can get in the way of food, and often it subsists on the most uncongenial fare. Captive birds and beasts are fed daintily and well. This may not be because their jailers have any special sympathy for them, but because they are valuable, and it is in the interests of their owners to keep them fit and lively.

One is often asked the question: Do captive animals taken from the wild remember their freedom? I doubt it. That kind of memory which brings sadness is peculiar to man himself. Animals live in the moment. For generations past only the moment has mattered to them. True that they profit by experience, but that is not quite the same thing as looking back. It

is, of course, impossible to see into their minds, but so far as we can judge retrospect is mercifully not among their gifts. That they remember individuals is sure, just as a dog remembers an old master, and one incident within my own experience proves this. At one time I had a fox cub, taken from a cairn in the Highlands, which in her puppy days was all that a wild pet could be. As she grew older, however, the wild began to show. It would have been impossible to break her of her native characteristics, and she was so destructive and dangerous that we could not keep her. It would have been cruel to turn her free, for she had never acquired the art of fending for herself, and so would have starved; but as the proprietors of a suburban public park wanted her and were in a position to give her proper quarters and treatment, little Vic was handed over to them.

Three years later I visited that park, and there was Vic in a cage to herself, next door to a rough-and-tumble family of dingoes. She was in beautiful condition, though I noticed that she would have nothing to do with the visitors surrounding her cage, all of whom were anxious to win her favour through the medium of nuts and such like.

As I approached the cage I said quietly: "Vic—Vic!" Up went her big ears, and she came trotting towards me, looking into my face, while her whole attitude was one of wondering—of striving to recall. "Vic, Vic! Do you remember me, Vic?" There was no doubting it now. I thrust my hand between the bars and fondled her little treacherous muzzle, whereupon the dingoes in the next cage, not to be left out of it, and thinking that, anyway, if Vic knew me it was all right, heaped themselves into the nearest corner and invited similar attention, which, however, was not forthcoming! Yet the keepers told me that Vic was the most sullenly distrustful animal among their charges, and since she had sprung from a long line of wolfish mountain stock, I do not doubt it.

It is, one must admit, a touching sight to see a wild animal pacing—pacing its confined space, till it acquires a clockwork movement of measured tread, walking repeatedly in its own tracks, turning, pacing, turning, day after day, like a machine. But here, again, we are apt to bestow upon the captive that vividness of imagination that is peculiar to man himself. If an animal is unhappy, that is, constantly fretting, its



Unhappy—
or Satisfied?

A Group of Pumas at the Zoo

Photo :
Günther Ballou

THE QUIVER

coat inevitably loses lustre, and it does not thrive. As to whether an animal thrives is the only gauge we have upon its contentment, and, believe me, the most restless cage prowlers are often in perfect condition, and are thriving in every sense. Were their mental state that which their actions seem to suggest, this would be impossible.

The fact of the matter is that many animals know instinctively that a certain amount of exercise is necessary for their welfare. They pace in order to work off superfluous energy, not because their mental state compels it. An animal which is really fretting does not pace, but hides and watches with sullen distrust. This I have repeatedly noticed in captives newly taken from the wild.

So much then for legitimate captivity,

say that they master by kindness, but I am entirely certain that this is seldom the case. Not long ago I was present at one of the disgusting and unmanly exhibitions to which I refer. In it several pumas, a black bear, and a wolf or two were made to jump through rings, balance on hoops, and so on, in mortal terror of the trainer's whip. One had only to watch the animals. With one or two exceptions, namely, those which were docile by disposition, the whole performance was an absolute nightmare to them, and their glances towards their trainer were of the utmost hatred and distrust. They performed certain mechanical tricks because they knew by sad experience that if they failed to do so they would suffer for it, and one was tempted to conclude that the weapon in the trainer's hand had not

always been the whip he then carried. The whole performance was that of pathetic captives stampeding from a punishment they dreaded.

In the same show the "Lion Tamer" entered the cage of Monarch, a lion which, it was advertised in glaring head letters, was one of the untamable variety. One was tempted to ask: "Then why not leave him alone?" The man, having entered the cage, proceeded with great bravery to torment the wretched beast till it rose up in terrified self-defence, at which pronged poles were thrust through the

bars and brought forcibly to bear upon its open mouth, which was a mass of sores owing to previous treatment of the same kind. The whole thing was an inquisition; yet this performance was going on almost daily, and is going on daily now in a score of different circuses throughout the kingdom for the entertainment of people who are so depraved or so thoughtless as to obtain enjoyment from it, seeing none of its pathos and cruelty. Probably they take



The Ignominy
of Captivity

Photo:
Berridge

but I make no excuse for that kind of zoological collection wherein wild animals are made to perform unnatural and worthless tricks for the benefit of a sensation-loving audience. This kind of thing deserves all the discouragement that thinking people can give it, and I entirely fail to see the value of such performances, which amount to so many cornered and frightened creatures being forced into evolutions which are artificial and ugly. Wild-animal trainers

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the part of the human tormentor, have no pity for the luckless captive, seeing it only as a cruel and vicious thing; but, taking the individual case of the lion, it is not generally known that the king of wild beasts is among the most sensitive and timid of them all—far more so than the gazelle. He is, indeed, much less "lion-hearted" than is the smallest of vertebrates, the shrew.

It may be possible to teach dogs

and horses to perform tricks by kindness, but I say with confidence that it is completely and entirely impossible to persuade wild animals, which naturally have nothing but fear and distrust for man, to perform feats which are quite contrary to their natures other wise than by force and the fear of punishment.

The very term, "Animal Tamer," gives the show away. Clearly there is only one way in which to tame a wild animal—to win its confidence, not its love, by gentle and liberal treatment. Man cannot tame it—it tames itself in slow response by living down its natural distrust, but the majority of circus shows one sees would reduce a tame animal to a state of savage dread in a single week.

Again, I was present not long ago at a music-hall performance in which numbers of parrots were forced into the achievement of certain tricks. One of them was secured to a miniature tricycle, its feet fastened by loops to the pedals, and the tricycle was then run rapidly down a gradient from the gallery to the stage. It looked as though the parrot were pedalling it, instead of which the bird's legs were dragged round and round owing to the fact that its feet were fast to the pedals, while throughout the performance the unhappy bird was screaming horribly and trying its hardest to escape.

Over and above all this it must be re-



Bars of Iron

A Black Jaguar caged

Photo: Barlage

membered that the sad part of these stage performers' lives is not limited to their training, nor is its incongruity limited to their performances. Such shows are constantly on the move; the creatures involved are kept in miserably cramped quarters, and taken out only to perform their wretched tricks.

It will be seen from the foregoing that there is a very wide margin between the authentic zoological collection, such as one finds in London, Edinburgh, and elsewhere, and the privately owned menagerie which exists for the profit of individual owners and is made as sensational as possible. This kind of show has had its day; it has already existed too long, and I cannot imagine why the practice of making animals perform did not go its way with gaming and the like. Cock fighting was at least fair, but this kind of thing is not. Nor is its existence worthy of the lovers of cricket. Similarly there is no earthly reason why private individuals should be allowed to keep wild beasts as a means of profit—I refer particularly to the grimy alien to be seen in possession of the "dancing" bear, which is persuaded to dance through the medium of a ring in its nose to which is attached a chain, probably a pole, at which the operator snatches! We become somewhat tired of the word legislation, but it would seem that there is need for a little more of it here.



"Nan was now standing just below
the pulpit, quiet and still"—p. 383

*Drawn by
Harold Copping*

The Love Feast

A Country-Life Story

By

Watson Dyke

BECK-BITS was a farm that was famous for its tiny gill, which ran, galloped, rushed, fell, and sometimes roared as it made its course to the river. But famous as the water, even more so was Willie Todd, the owner, and one of the steadiest in attendance at the Wesleyan Chapel in Straker.

His wife Molly was a good-looking woman with a twinkle in her violet eye. Willie was sometimes anxious about the twinkle.

He thought that it could be over-done.

But Molly was a good worker and had been converted as a little girl, so Willie had nothing to complain of in that quarter.

He gave his attention to his servants; and as they often left him to get married, or to "better themselves," Willie got practised in lecturing them for their good, and at present he was more than usually triumphant, for his hired man, Decimus Darkling, had been converted this past winter, and by his master's untiring efforts.

There was still a weight on Willie's mind, and it was the girl who had been hired at Michaelmas. Her name was Nannie Bonner. She seemed lightheaded to Willie's grave nature, and she sang so often that there was no time for things with "meanings to them."

Willie had proved this and told his wife about it. He laid tracts on chairs for Nannie to read for the help of her soul, but she sat on them and never noticed the underlined words.

Molly took it lightly too, for she told her husband that he "bothered hisself ower much."

It was a lovely day in June when Willie told her about his unnoticed tracts, and Molly's eyes brightened as she said: "I kept a-thinkin' to mysel' that thar was summat uncanny aboot them tracts. They fell aboot like live things. Thinks I to mysel', 'They mun be lish or summat!'"

Willie turned to look at his wife. He had a sunburned complexion, for he had been with his sheep on the moor; but this added to the importance of his aspect. He

had a long, grave face, a mouth that shut as closely as a shell, and a pair of keen blue eyes. His beard hedged his chin from ear to ear.

"And they *was* lish," he said sternly; "t' Lord was at wark among them papers."

"Tha's ower free wi' thee tongue," said Molly sharply. "*Tha* was at wark among them *theeself*. T' Lord might ha' been, and He might not—t' Lord's in company with them that does duty to their neighbours."

"Aye, for sure," said Willie, "that's truth, howiver. God be praised I niver for-gits me neighbours. Thank the Lord Decimus has come to the footstool of grace."

It was at this moment Decimus walked into the kitchen to get his dinner. "Praise the Lord for it, maister," he said.

"Aye," said Willie. "Now sup thee dinner, my man, and eat to the grace o' God."

Decimus did not reply. He put one leg over an old wooden chair and then sat down on it, facing the oaken shelves where the pewter hung in shining rows. Molly put a willow pattern plate in front of him, and he immediately started to eat bacon and egg and new potatoes.

Nannie was cleaning cans in the yard, her clogs carefully avoiding the musk plant which was flowering between the cobblestones, and all the time that Decimus ate his dinner he kept glancing at her, where Mrs. Todd's plants gave him the chance.

"Whativer is 't that ye botherin' wi', Decimus?" said Molly sharply.

"T' weather, mistress. I was thinkin' that if yon cloud keeps up thar'll be vara few to the prayer meetin' to-night."

"Ye and Willie can keep things gangin' between ye," said Mrs. Todd, "and, mind you, that's right eneuf if ye live up to your speeches."

"Aye, God bless you!" said Willie. "Right you are, wife. Aye, yon's t' word. Couldn't be better. Ye've given me a text for t' prayer meetin'. We mun live up to our speeches."

"Aye, aye," responded Decimus, again looking at Nannie's moving figure.

THE QUIVER

He had finished his dinner, and stood gazing windowways. Presently he stirred himself and came out of the cool, dark kitchen into the blazing, sunny yard.

The scent of the musk flowers rose up in warm fragrance.

He could not see Nan for a minute, and when he did he walked up to her.

"Is 't a gannin' to 't' prayer meetin', Nannie?"

"Nay, Decimus, I isn't."

"I'se terrible put out."

"I'se sorry for 't, but ye maun bide it."

"Tha's a flirt."

"I isn't."

"I say tha is."

"Then tha says wrong."

"Tha's ower wilful," said Decimus after a moment's thought.

"Tha can say what tha likes," said Nannie sharply; "it hurts nobody, doesn't talkin'."

"I wish I wasn't for 't' prayer meetin' to-night. I comed into 't' fold 'cos I thought tha'd mappen follow me thar—'t' maister was for matchin' us, and as far as I could see thar was no way out on 't."

"For sham' o' theesel'!" said Nan. "Tha's a bad lad, and at thee own tellin'."

"Nay, I'se nobbut a natural lad wantin' to walk out wi' thee."

"Well, tha's done theesel' wi' me, I can tell thee. I isn't of 't' same natur' as 't' maister, foriver prayin' and sike like, but I does serve God in my own fashion, and yon kind o' religion that follows *folks*, and not 't' main end, which is God, it mak's me shammed, I tell thee."

Willie Todd, appearing at the door and putting his long shadow among the musk plants, worked a miracle with the young people. Nannie ran into the house and Willie turned to his man.

"At it again, Decimus?"

"Aye."

"Can't ye mak' her gang?"

"Nay."

"It's a terrible pity. But if ye can git her to 't' penitent form ye may have her to wed."

"Thank ye, maister. I'll mak' another shot at it."

"She's a hardened case," said Willie, going off in the direction of the barns.

All the time that Willie was working with a sick sheep he kept his mind on Nannie.

"She mun gang to 't' prayer meetin'," he

said, "and then we'll sune hev' her to 't' penitent form."

So he came back to the house instead of going farther afield after some Scotch sheep, and Molly was surprised when she saw him.

It was still very warm and beautiful. Mrs. Todd was picking gooseberries in the garden, which fell away to the south.

She had on a faded lilac sunbonnet that shadowed one of her eyes. The other eye could be seen because she turned back the bonnet.

"What's wrang?" she called.

"Nowt," said her husband. "Bide whar tha is. Tha may be thinkin' 'at it's a gude thing to be for iver on the light side—it's takin' in 't' wairld—but leave thee husband to do his duty wi' 't' natur' that's been prayed into him."

"'T' dark side, eh?"

"Molly, is tha converted or is tha not?"

"Aye, I coomed into 't' fold lang sin', but I've seen a deal in it that wasn't fit for 't' wairld."

"Tha talks like a bairn."

"Mobbe I is yan. I'se sure I'se all reet if I'se like 't' bairns."

"Bide whar tha is. I'se efter lassie, and if tha keeps puttin' in thee remarks I'se hev' nae chance to mak' her serious."

"Awa' wi' ye!" said Molly, eating a gooseberry. "'T' lass and thee mun fight it out."

And she picked up her pail; and casting a glance at the hillside, now in a haze of sunlight, she went down another pathway in search of redder berries.

Willie Todd went into the kitchen.

The glare outside blinded him for a minute or two, but he could hear a wasp buzzing on the small panes in the window. He took out a red pocket handkerchief, in case it got dangerous, and opened his eyes a little wider.

Nannie was not in the kitchen, but she was singing. Her voice came a step or two away, evidently the dairy.

"'T' lightsome thing!" said Willie bitterly. She was singing, "He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my bonny brown hair!"

Willie tiptoed to the dairy, and as he did so a bunch of tracts, hanging half out of his left-hand pocket, slipped out and fell to the ground. Nannie turned round with a start and put her hand to her heart.

"Connies, maister! Ye coom ower soft!"

THE LOVE FEAST

II

"Aye, that's hoo the Judgment cooms, lass."

Nannie pushed a big bowl of milk farther on the dairy table, turned her back on it, and faced the master.

He stood at the door, and as the light fell over her head from the small and grated dairy window he recognized the power lying in the hands of a young woman.

He drew farther back.

Nannie never spoke.

Willie waited.

They could hear the clock ticking in the kitchen, and the cat stole into the dairy, surprised at the silence.

Nannie smiled at the animal's appearance. Willie drove it away. Still there was silence.

Willie became aware that, although Nannie was a great talker, she had lost her tongue where the master was concerned, so he said, "Nannie Bonner, is t'a gannin' to t' prayer meetin' this night?"

"Nay, maister, I isn't."

"Dosta know that tha's playin' with eternity?"

Nannie took the brooch out of her apron and pinned it again rather tighter about the waist. Then she looked at Willie Todd, but said nothing.

His eyes flickered, but returned again to her face.

"What wilt tha do on t' Judgment Day?" said Willie, coming a step farther into the dairy.

"Mind t' bowl o' cream on t' floor!" said Nannie sharply. "If tha upsets it tha'll be a judgment day wi' the missus!"

Willie flicked the red handkerchief, meant for the wasp, right in Nannie's face. "Oot upon ye!" he said. "Oot upon ye for a bar-faced sinner!"

"Tak' t' handkerchief frae me face!" shouted Nannie. "Wad ye hev' me a hidden sinner? I *is* a sinner and a bar-faced yan to boot! But it's better nor keepin' things in t' dark, maister."

And with these words Nannie flounced out of the dairy and ran up the stone steps leading to her small bedroom at the top of the house.

Willie folded the handkerchief and put it carefully in his waistcoat pocket. A slight smile parted the brown beard from the brown moustache, and he showed a row of even, white teeth. "Conscience-stricken!" he muttered. "Stirred at last! God be praised!"

IT was three weeks later, and the gooseberries were all stripped from the bushes that grew on the south slope. The strawberry bed was again gay with colour, but now it was coloured leaves, flame and saffron instead of strawberries or blossom. The little gill at Beck-bits was running so thin and fine that all the limestone boulders making up the stream seemed to overshadow it, until its trickle was like a fairy's voice. The mountain ash tree above the small fall was beginning to show the crimson glint on its yellowed berries, and flowers were scarce. Here, where there were still a few field scabious left, growing thin and tall in the well-mown grass, Nannie met Richard Mason.

He had been fishing and was reeling in his line.

"Ye can hev' that trout, Nannie," he said without looking away from his job.

"For t' family? Aye, I'se gie it to t' missus; t' maister gits all t' best things, he's sike a gude prayer."

Richard picked up his net. Still he did not look at Nannie. "Nay, it isn't for t' missus neither; it's for yesel'."

"For me, is't? I *is* in luck's way. When mun I hev' t' For t' supper or t' breakfast?"

"Ye can tak' it to t' Luv' Feast wi' ye."

"Now tha's mockin'. Tha knows vara weel that t' Luv' Feast is meant to be spiritual and not of t' flesh. I gangs to brak' bread wi' them 'at luv's God."

"Aye," said Richard Mason.

He had taken the trout out of the pannier and was straightening its stiffened form.

"Tha's vara dry?" inquired Nannie.

"Here's trout!" said Richard, lifting his eyes at last to Nannie's face.

She took the trout from him, and pulling a burdock leaf wrapped it around the fish. Richard opened his fly book and looked through the loose pages.

"Is t'a gannin' to t' Luv' Feast?" he asked.

"I'se thinkin' on t'^h," said Nannie.

"I isn't," said Richard.

"Stop awa'," said Nannie. "Who assed thee to gan'?"

"I niver said onybody assed me. I wadn't gang to Straker Luv' Feast if tha was to pay me for t' wi' me own weight in gold."

"I wadn't pay thee tuppence."

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"I know tha wadn't; tha's ower fond of t' maister's pet—pet—"

"T' maister's pet what?"

"Pet lap dog!"

"I didn't know he'd gotton ony lap dogs."

"Tha knows vara weel."

"Tha's nobbut a cat in t' hoos, and I'se bound to say I'se fond of her."

"Tha's a teasin' besom, Nannie; tha knows that I mean t' hired lad."

Nannie was silent.

Richard, who had put his fishing book in his pocket and moved his pannier to a more convenient position at his back, gave the girl a side look.

"Tha's done for theesel', Nannie."

"Why is I done for?"

"Gannin' to t' Luv' Feast."

"Tha seems to think 'at t' Luv' Feast belongs to 'Prayin' Willie' and Decimus."

"Aye, it does."

"It belongs to God."

"It shad belong, but does it? If ye gan' to t' Luv' Feast I'se brak' wi' thee."

"I'se gannin'."

Richard Mason turned away and Nannie did the same thing. There was soon a good space between them, but Richard dropped his rod just below the stone wall, where there is a made-up stile, and ran after Nannie, catching her under the shadow of the mountain ash and elderberry shrubs.

"Nannie, tha may think I'se fulin' wi' thee and wilin' awa' t' idle moments—"

"Aye, as tha thinks I does, Richard," said Nannie. "Tha mun judge me by theesel'."

Richard's pannier bothered him, and he threw it after his rod, where it went rolling down the bankside.

"It's going into t' beck!" said Nannie.

"Aye, talk about a pin's matter when a mon's heart's wrung."

"What else does I do that isn't reet?"

"All that tha does is wrang."

"Then why dosta bother wi' sike a lass?"

"Nannie, tha does wrang altogether wi' me 'cos tha maddens me, but wi' ither folk, and wi' t' warld, and wi' owt else, tha's all that's grand and gude. I cud rive thee in pieces for meddlin' wi' me heart and then flingin' me to t' dogs, to be gude to all else as steps in thee way."

"Ye'll gang to t' dogs, will ye, for t' sake of a lass! Tha's more of a fule than I thought thee, Richard Mason!"

"Nannie, tha's blind to t' power tha hes, or tha'd—tha'd—mend me."

"And hoo can I mend thee?"

"By luvin' me."

Richard saw Nannie's cheek redden until it glowed in the shade of the elderberry leaves.

"See ye," he said. "Sit ye doon on t' wall edge, and I'se sit besides ye, and let's hev' an understanding."

Richard sat down. Richard Mason did the same thing. He watched her anxiously.

"Noo, then," he said, "tak' things more whyat'ly and listen to me. I luv' ye, Nannie, and I want ye to luv' me."

Richard's arm had found room behind the matted elderberry bush, although it was rather tightly held there, but he had secured Nannie's hand. To his surprise it lay quietly in his own hand.

"I luv' thee, Nannie."

She nodded her head.

"Is't same wi' ye?"

Nannie's hand quivered and moved from the shelter of his, and Richard began to tremble.

"Dick?"

"Aye, lass?"

"Tha mun remember I'se not much ower nineteen—"

"Aye, aye, lass! To be sure! To be sure! It's best age in t' warld!"

"I'se sune be twenty, though."

"Then that'll be t' best age. I'se listenin', lass; I'se listenin'."

"Tha mun trust me to t' Luv' Feast."

Richard Mason got off the stone wall and came out from the shelter of the bush.

"Tha tries me, Nannie."

"I know."

"I doesn't like it."

"But tha mun trust me to gan'."

"Is Decimus gannin'?"

"Aye."

Nannie got up from the wall and put her hand into his hard palm. He squeezed it once or twice until the tears came into her eyes, and said, "Nan, I'se trust ye. But I'd rather hev' trusted ye into—into owt ye can mention. I wis' it was well ower."

"Richard, tha's said it, and I'se trust thee now."

He rubbed his fists into his eyes and gave a deep sigh. Then went off, to gather up his rod and pannier, without looking back.

Nannie got over the wall with the help of the elderberry bush. She could just see the top of Richard's head as he put the pannier over it.

"'Ee power lad! Sike fondness I niver

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did see!" she muttered as she turned to run through the garth to the house.

III

STRAKER "Love Feast" was Willie

Todd's favourite day in all the year. It came in August, when most of his crops were safely housed. He always wore his black suit because he felt it added to the gravity of the situation. As he prepared himself for the afternoon service this particular Sunday in August, asking his wife to pass him the box of studs which were made of bone, he noticed that the long fall of his coat from the neck to the shoulder added to the look of solemnity. He took away the purple and grey silk tie and put a black one in its place. He had to bend to see himself in the looking-glass, for the whitewashed wall sloped down at this point, and the looking-glass was level with the ceiling. The apple trees in the orchard, beating stray leaves on the window pane, sent a chequered light which hindered Willie from seeing himself.

"Connies!" he said. "I can't git a right look at mysel'!"

Molly, who was tying the ribbon strings of her Sunday bonnet, standing near the bed, remarked, "I'se oft thought it a trouble wi' a power o' folk—they can't git a right



" 'What wilt tha do on t' Judgment Day?' said Willie, coming a step farther into the dairy"—p. 975

Drawn
by
Harold Copping

look at theirsels. If they did they'd mebbe bide whyater when they're oot in t' warld."

"Aye," said Willie, "thar's some truth i' that, mother. What's time?"

"About five to two, mebbe."

"Then hurry up, missus. It wad look badly for sike as wesels to be late in t' chapel. Thar's lots turn to us for t' example."

"It's a sad bad job if they do," said Molly, "for I'se a tirrible poor yan to be followed, and I doesn't think tha's much better!"

"Mother!" said Willie sternly, "prythee

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howd thee tongue. If tha was overheard folks wad tak' it for granted that I was full o' sin——"

"I thought tha was."

"Mother!" said Willie again.

Willie called his wife "Mother," although they had never had any children. The expression he put into it, as he spoke again, silenced his wife. Her violet eyes glanced sharply his way, but returned immediately to her own big black kid gloves, which she was working slowly on to her rheumatic fingers.

"Is t'a ready?" said Willie, again tapping his big knotted stick on the crooked wooden floor.

"Be off wi' thee!" said his wife. "Tha flusters me!"

"Secin' as we sit in different pews, that I'se just under t' pulpit to-day, I think I might as weel be makin' a start—whar's t' sarvint?"

"Nannie? She's off t' chapel lang sin'!"

"The Lord be praised!" said Willie, now standing at the bedroom door, which was so small that it was more like the entrance to a cupboard.

"Takkin' t' hoss to t' well won't mak' it drink," said his wife.

"Hoss? Dosta call t' lass a hoss? Is that all t' Christianity tha's got?"

"Aye, mebbe it is!" said his wife.

"I'se off," said Willie.

He strode out of the bedroom, and his wife, going to the glass to pin her ribbons to the silk front of her black bodice, smiled slightly at the pincushion.

There were about five pins in it and a large stone brooch, and it was brown silk covered with crocheting in white; there was nothing else remarkable about it, but the smile, though only faint, remained all the time that she studied it.

"Power Willie!" she remarked as she shut the bedroom door.

She came down into the empty kitchen, looked at the kettle to see if it were full of water, put some more slack on the large glowing fire, and came out into the open air. Having locked the farmhouse door, she put the key in her pocket and set off for Straker Chapel.

She had three peppermints in her pocket which she transferred to the palm of her hand, there to be pouched in safety by one of the big black gloves.

"I'se hev' to buy new gloves this winter," she said, as she looked at them. "But

mebbe I might manage wi' 'em until spring. That's the time folks notice cloes."

The roads and the fields in every direction were strewn with gaily dressed figures. Most of the girls' hats looked new, and although it was August spring flowers flourished continually in light-coloured straws. There were forget-me-nots, pale pink roses, big daisies, and bunches of lilac. Molly could see Willie striding along in the far distance, his body swaying from side to side, his stick striking the road regularly as he made for Straker Chapel.

"He'll be preachin' before he's thar!" she muttered as she watched him. The doors were wide open to make room for everybody to enter the chapel. A blue-eyed young man, standing on the steps, handed hymn-books to everyone who looked at him, and he said to Mrs. Todd when he noticed her:

"Gude afternune, Mrs. Todd; Willie's in grand form already. He'll be right fiery this afternune!"

Mrs. Todd assented and entered the chapel. Willie was sitting just below the pulpit, and several of the young people looked awestruck as they hurried past him. Mrs. Todd took a corner seat where she could be quiet. She could see the hills from the window, and their stillness soothed her. "It mun be whyat and peaceful amang t' heather yonder," she said to herself wistfully, "but it tak's ower long to git up on to t' fells."

And then she knelt and prayed. Raising her eyes again she saw that Decimus was sitting near Willie. The hired man was wearing a new brown suit, and had a yellow rose in his buttonhole. His face was ruddy with much scrubbing, and his golden moustache shone in the sunlight from the window.

"He's some folks' fancy, but not mine," said Molly to herself. "I hope that lass of ours will none have him."

Then she saw Nannie. The girl was in the gallery above, and she wore pink.

"Pink is a right nice colour for lassies," said Mrs. Todd. "She looks weel, does Nan. Mebbe she's thinkin' of that fond Decimus. May she be guided to better sense, I say. May she niver heed our Willie."

Mrs. Todd again took a survey of the now full building, and to her astonishment she saw Richard Mason. She looked twice to make sure, and then she put on her spectacles.

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"He's a thorough Churchman is Richard," she said to herself.

It was Richard Mason, wearing a black suit and a violet tie. His sunburnt face was graven with even solemn lines than those of Willie Todd when speaking of "wrongdoers."

"He's surely not going to turn Wesleyan for t' sake of our Nan! It's rubbish is that now! Folks shad be true to what's their own!"

And then a hymn was sung. Prayers followed the hymn, and then the heat of the chapel became tremendous, and all the doors and windows had to be opened. The sweet-brier outside the window, near Mrs. Todd, sent a fragrance to her nostrils. It reminded her of a time years ago when she was a girl, and could get to the moors in the twinkling of an eye. She shed a tear or two behind the old gloves, and prayed God to make her patient with her age.

Willie prayed, and the chapel was full of fire. Molly was so used to it that she only got dreaming over the sweetbrier again, and was aware of little else until the biscuit and fruit came round. She noticed that Richard Mason refused it, and she said to herself, "He shadn't 'a' coomed if he couldn't be brotherly. We're all brothers and sisters here."

And now came the great event of the year, the calling for experiences; the preacher called for them first, and then Willie rose to his feet and surveyed the chapel.

"The house is full," he said, "and many's the heart here that is unregenerate. Coom! Coom now and confess before us all!"

There was silence. Boys and girls looked nervously at their hymn-books, afraid Willie would address them personally and tell them of their misdeeds in public. The walls were streaming with moisture, and Richard Mason glanced uneasily at Nannie. The girl was visibly pale, and the fingers encased in white cotton gloves were busy tearing a yellow rose to pieces.

She did not know what she was doing, Richard could see it, and the more he realized it the deeper grew the colour in his face.

Decimus was sitting with his eyes closed, and every time that Willie said, "Coom!"

Decimus said, "Praise the Lord!"

"What a gude mon Willie's made of Decimus!" said the farmers' wives as they listened to these frequent reiterations. Nannie sat with her eyes on the rose she

had pulled to pieces. Her lips kept moving, as though she had something she was repeating. Mary Tiplady, who sat beside her, nudged her once and whispered, "Nannie, I'll gan' oop to t' penitent form if tha will."

"Tha sud do it on thee own account," whispered Nannie as she searched for a hymn.

"Is tha troubled, Nan?" the girl asked again.

"Aye, but the penitent form won't mend it."

Mary Tiplady looked at her again and said:

"I've gan' if tha does. I nobbut want a bit of encouragement."

"Listen to t' preacher and giv' ower talkin'!" said Nannie. "He's wantin' experiences."

"Aye, from t' old Christians—not from sike as us."

"They'll mebbe git more than they bargain for," said Nannie.

Willie was again on his feet, and with his eyes fixed upon his servant girl he exclaimed, "Coom! Coom, now!"

Nannie's eyes were kept to the page of her hymn-book, so Willie turned and whispered to Decimus, "Prythee, mon, bring t' lass down to t' penitent form, and wipe oot thee past sins wi' a livin' soul."

Decimus turned a deep red and rose to his feet, but the feeling that every eye was upon him overpowered him. He sat down again.

The preacher, bending over the polished yellow pulpit and mopping his brow with a large white silk handkerchief, muttered to Decimus, "That's it, brother! Show the reality of the change. If tha hes power ower the lass bring her to grace."

Decimus shook his head and looked at his big boots.

But again Willie intervened. He said, "Awa' wi' thee, mon, before thee legs git glued to t' floor. Save t' lass and gain her!"

Decimus cast him a look out of the corner of his blue-green eyes. He met the look in Willie's dark face. He rose to his feet, and, in a silence during which the creaking of his boots roared in his ears, made his way towards the gallery.

Richard Mason, watching his movements, half rose from his seat, and his sunburnt hands were clenched one within the other.

Decimus, stumbling over a buffet, reached Nannie's pew. "I thought you were down,"

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whispered Mary Tiplady. "What hev' ye coom aboot, Decimus?"

"Nannie," he whispered, putting his arm over the pew and almost obscuring both girls as he did so.

Nan gazed back at him. She was very white. "Who sent ye?" she said.

"Him!" said Decimus, moving his head towards Willie.

"What do you want?" said Nan.

"Jist coom and be saved, Nan. Ye needn't say nowt. Coom along aside me; jist kneel thar and let t' men talk. It'll satisfy them, and ye might as well."

"I'll coom," she said.

Decimus moved back to let her pass. His eyes went right into the dark corner where Richard Mason sat, but they did not linger there. He paled slightly and followed the girl with a swinging roll from side to side.

When they reached the main aisle and were going towards the pulpit they came in collision with Richard Mason. He was striding out of the chapel and blocked their way.

Nannie raised her eyes, and Richard gazed into them. Nannie's colour flooded her cheeks now, and she gave him an imploring look, but he set his lips tighter and went to the door.

Molly's pew was near the door, and the old black-gloved hand went out and pulled his sleeve. The young man turned and gave Molly an anguished look. She rose to her feet and pulled him with all her force. "I want ye, lad," she said.

He came into the pew.

She put a peppermint into his hand and whispered behind her hymn-book, "Wait, lad! Wait on our Nan. She's a lass in a thousand!"

Dick opened his mouth to answer, but all that came from his lips were a few trembling movements. Then he fell heavily to his knees and covered his face with his hands.

"That's a genuine prayer," said Molly as she looked at him.

Nan was now standing just below the pulpit, quiet and still.

The preacher, Willie, and some other men near them were murmuring, "That's reet, lass!" "Praise the Lord!"

But Nannie Bonner waited until they stopped talking, and soon the chapel was quiet. Something like a deep sob came from Molly Todd's pew, and when Nannie heard it she began to speak. "I am a happy girl," she said. "I love God. He loves me. I have got up to tell you that I've been tempted oot o' my happiness this last month, and by them that's guardians of the truth. Yes, let me speak oot. I know somebody who was converted to save trouble of answering a deacon. I was tempted same way mesel', but I coom oot strite as it happened, and I want to say that I've loved the Lord all me life. And in t' Lord's strength I speak to-day." Then she walked rapidly away, up the steps in the gallery, and back to her seat.

The silence remained in the chapel, but Willie Todd was the first to recover himself.

"T' lass is excited," he said. "Let us sing a hymn."

It was Molly who rose up before a hymn could be given out. "I've a vara owd Christian," she said, "but I niver heard a better Luv' Feast talk than that given by yon lass. I praise the Lord that she's stumbled on t' weak spot among t' deacons. Let us all humble wesels, be whyater in our tongues, and gan' to our homes in peace."

And as a good many voices in the chapel said, "Aye, aye, praise the Lord!" Willie could only look at his wife in surprise.

The evening coolness was making itself felt as people wended their way back to their homes.

Richard Mason waited for Nannie Bonner just outside the chapel door, and they walked away together, taking to the fields as they neared Beck-bits.

"I does love thee, lass," said Richard when they had gone about a mile. "I've fair capped wi' ye. Yon's t' smoke from Beck-bits—it's Molly firin' oop for wi' teas. We'll hev' a Beck-bits of our own as sune as iver we can!"

"Mind whar tha walks!" said Nannie. "See thee, lad, thar's a thorn stickin' to thee best trousers. Let's hev' it off before it tears t' suit."

And Richard stood still while Nannie put it right.



What's Wrong with the Cinema?

The Decline in the Picture Palace Boom

By Agnes M. Miall

The Cinema has taken its place as an integral part in the daily lives of millions. But it isn't what it ought to be—and a decline in receipts has made the Cinema trade examine where it stands

IN taking its place as a part of our daily life, as it has done during the last ten years, the cinema has become everybody's business. There is no one who should not be interested, from one angle or another, in the question people are now asking themselves: "What's wrong with the pictures?"

Suffering a Slump

Artistically and morally there has always been a good deal about the film to be deplored, but during the last few months picture palaces and the trade generally have been suffering a slump not to be wholly accounted for by the general depression; and now the large number of business men who make incomes from movies are actively engaged in discovering why those incomes show every sign of diminishing.

Isn't it, perhaps, one of the most significant answers to the problem that it is only now, when cinema people's pockets are being directly touched by a decline in the enormous turnover of the picture palaces, that those concerned are beginning to make serious inquiry as to the well-being of the cinema?

"When art does not pay large dividends something must be wrong somewhere," would seem to be the motto of this most businesslike age. For—and herein lies the crux of the matter—the cinema *should* be (but mostly is not) an art.

Mr. Allen Upward, in "Why I am not a Film Writer," remarked: "The film is a new form of art. And the first film-producer who realizes this will make enough money to forgive me for saying so." Again the linking of beauty and cash—but the first sentence is profoundly true.

Fallen into Wrong Hands

"It has been the bad luck of the whole cinema industry," said a writer in the

Stage the other day, "to have in the beginning unfortunately fallen into the wrong hands. It was an early capture by the man possessing no forward vision. He sat in his too gorgeous office, and during the time of the cinema's youth he grew fat, because the money rolled up in spite of him. And he thought—good, greasy man—that *he* was the cause of the undoubted trade prosperity. Now it has stopped itself. He never foresaw that it might be necessary to fight for profits other than in the way of market huckstering over the prices to be paid as rentals. The magic words, 'dramatic value,' 'artistic merit,' 'intellectual appeal,' and so on were Greek to him, and therefore despised."

The Test of Durability

This is so. When the cinema was a novelty people went to it as to any sensation—to wonder rather than to criticize. But it has long passed that first stage. It has taken its place as an integral part of the daily life of millions in every civilized community, and as such it must pass the tests demanded of everyday things—the chief of which is durability.

Here is a great weakness. People are finding that the cinema wears only indifferently well. As an occasional excitement it may serve. As the principal relaxation and window to art of the average person (in many a provincial town it has ousted the theatre and is the only form of drama available) it is found, whether its audiences realize it consciously or not, to lack beauty, truth, and sincerity—as any art must do when it has become primarily a means of coining money. The first test of a film appears to be its potential profits.

There are, of course, exceptions to this commercial attitude. The cinema industry contains a few idealists who are working on the right lines against enormous odds. But

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these are handicapped, not only by their rarity, but by the serious practical abuses which have gradually grown up in the trade.

One of the worst of these is the block-booking system, with its inevitable corollary of late releases of films.

* Certain big film producing companies, more remarkable for their desire to do a large and steady business than for the artistic merit of their pictures, were able to force on film exhibitors the system of contracting to take the whole of their output, good, bad, or indifferent, over a certain period of time.

A Very Defective System

In the beginning this arrangement seemed sound enough. The film company or renter was ensured a regular income for six months, or whatever the period might be, and in consideration of this he offered favourable terms to his customer. The exhibitor was saved much of the bother of going about to trade shows to choose his pictures, and was able to increase his profit by the lowering of his renting fees.

But now that this system has become almost universal its defects (merits it never had for the audiences, its benefits being cash ones for the trade) have become only too glaringly apparent.

The film-maker whose productions are block-booked can practically do what he likes with his customers. He may secure a long booking on the strength of one fine film on which he has spent a great deal of money and care. This is trade shown, and will obviously be a "draw."

The exhibitor who eagerly applies to show it is told that it will only be rented to customers who are willing to take the whole of that company's output as well during the next six or twelve months. Rather than lose the big attraction he consents to this block-booking, and thereafter the game is in the renter's hands. He can, if he choose, foist on to his customer all the "dud" stuff he would not be able to sell on its own merits. Then at the expiration of the contract he has another super-picture ready with which to entice the fish into the net again.

A pernicious result of block-booking, besides its enforced acceptance of poor stuff, is that, owing to the contracts made far ahead in this way, new films must wait indefinitely before the exhibitor has a vacant

date on which to show them. The trade view is held and the film written up by the Press, anything from six months to two years before the picture is first shown to the public.

The consequence is either that the film is out of date by the time it is released (a very important point when it deals with a subject of the moment), or the public, having read reviews of it long before, thinks it is old stuff rehashed, and loses interest in it. In many cases both these results occur—and the managers of the cinema wonder why their receipts are falling off!

It is only fair to say that the trade, quicker to perceive the practical than the artistic aspects of the case, is now fully alive to the evils of block-booking and late releases, and is putting up a determined fight to end both. *Carnival*, a considerable attraction to audiences, was being shown all over the kingdom within a few weeks of its exhibition to the trade, and the Ideal Film Company made another move in the right direction by releasing *Belphegor the Mountebank* within three or four months of the actual filming, and only a very short time after its trade show.

Very much, however, still remains to be done, and there is no doubt that a strong public opinion on the matter would help to hasten the ending of this cinema abuse.

Not only does the English "movie" public get its films late. There is the graver drawback that these, when at last they arrive, are not, in many cases, the pictures that appeal to them.

The Britisher's Point of View

It is unsatisfactory, from the British picture-goer's point of view, that so large a proportion of the cinema programme should be American. This is not because the Americans do not, in many cases, produce good pictures; on the contrary, they work with a largeness of scale, a lavish expenditure of money to secure effect, and an attention to detail that are amazing.

But every nation has its own psychology, and the fact remains that films devised primarily to appeal to Americans have not the same lure on this side of the Atlantic. Sentiment and point of view may vary rather subtly, but they are not the same. Certainly one is never so vividly reminded of the *mot* that Americans and Englishmen have everything in common except lan-

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guage as when reading at the cinema the sub-titles of Yankee films—in the case of the "comics" especially, often almost unintelligible to British eyes.

If we have a typically British author who owes nothing to the New World, surely he is Sir James Barrie. This was brought home to me when I saw the screen version of *The Admirable Crichton*, filmed by an American company.

The play (unlike many—but I shall come to that point later) made an admirable film. The cast (what is called an "all-star" one) could hardly have been better. The whole company had been taken to Santa Cruz for the making of the island scenes, and scenery and setting alike were perfect. Altogether a very notable film—only it wasn't Barrie.

From the indoor scenes, showing typical Yankee, curtained interiors, to the un-Barrieish wording of the sub-titles, the whole thing had been subtly, inevitably (since it hailed from California) Americanized. But that, however it might enhance its appeal in the United States, certainly minimized it in England. There are few things more disappointing than to go eagerly to a film because you have dearly loved the book or play on which it is founded, only to find that the picturization has destroyed the original.

"Sex" Films

Another way in which the American influence has damped the English screen-lover is in the matter of the so-called educational sex film.

The last few years have seen a perfect orgy of these, from Ibsen's *Ghosts* and Brieux's *Damaged Goods* downwards. The mistake has been made of assuming that, because the public will face a highly unpleasant subject if it is dealt with with great sincerity and power by a master hand, that public comes to see that play *because* of its unpleasantness, and will welcome others, even less savoury, written sensationally by nobody in particular.

This may be true of the American public—not because our transatlantic neighbours are dirty-minded (far from it!) but because they have an enormous liking for learning what to do by being shown how *not* to do it. Hugh Walpole, a keen student of American psychology, has pointed out that no novel (and this applies equally to the film) can hope to be a best seller across the Atlantic

unless it has a generous amount of what is called "moral uplift."

The British public is not impervious to "moral uplift." One of the objections it dimly and inarticulately feels about the cinema is that it is not idealistic and uplifting enough. But it likes its moral to be a good deal less blatant than do the Americans, and it is not willing to take to its heart many of the essentially nasty films of recent years, simply on the strength of their being labelled by their producers as being highly educational, and as such not to be seen by children under sixteen.

The public will stand an occasional sex play, if it is very well and earnestly done; but what it really likes is the sweet, wholesome, humorous story which carries its not too obvious uplift quietly self-contained. Two of the most popular film artists in the world, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, probably owe a large part of their enormous success to the fact that their work is so inherently clean. It is impossible to picture the World's Sweetheart, who at the moment of writing is delighting thousands of people with her simple "Be Glad" doctrine as Pollyanna, wading through mud in one of the crude sex films. And Charlie Chaplin without doubt the greatest film player who has yet arisen, makes the sound and undying appeal of the plucky, cheerful little under-dog who doesn't know when he's beaten.

Here are American films which appeal as much to British as to native audiences, for they have that universal note which transcends nationality. But work of this stamp is rare, and in the absence of more with this world-wide quality the cinema in England would be much helped by better British films.

An Art that is New

Mr. Upward's contention that the film is a new form of art (a statement absolutely understood by Charlie Chaplin) is little realized in this country, with the result that the original scenario, specially written with the needs and limitations of the screen in mind, is nearly unknown. British film companies confine themselves almost entirely to the adapting of books or plays, which, however good in themselves, may be entirely unsuitable for screen presentation. It is useless, for instance, to take a witty stage comedy whose success depends upon clever

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dialogue, and expect it to shine in a theatre where no words are spoken. We shall never get its full artistic possibilities into the cinema until we acknowledge that it is a *new art*, which imperatively demands new methods, and is only disfigured by borrowed plumes.

Two minor points are the heartrending way in which a favourite story is mutilated on the film (I have seen the ending altered even of such a classic as *Adam Bede*), and the extraordinary amount of padding that is inserted into nearly all films. Most five- and six-reelers, one finds by one's yawns and boredom, would be infinitely improved by being cut down to two-reelers. In this, as in other matters, producers very much underestimate the artistic taste and critical faculties of the average audience.

The cinema has grown from a novelty into a universality in a very few years because of the wideness of its range. It can embrace all subjects, annihilate time and distance, and appeal to all ages. And that reminds me that I could not attempt to answer the question as to what is wrong with it without considering its effect upon children.

Falsity to Life

All immature, imaginative creatures have great difficulty in realizing that "the pictures" are only acting. To young audiences they are real more often than not. What conception of life and ideals do they give to our children?

Rose Macaulay, the well-known woman novelist, has written a biting account of a visit to a picture palace. I give the opening and closing sentences:

"There is one quality which is shared by all persons in film dramas. They may be virtuous or wicked, young or old, heroic or mean, American or even occasionally European; but one and all, they are lunatics. . . . They consistently do and say the things most unlikely to occur to any persons in possession of their senses, most certain to prejudice their cause, alienate their friends, jeopardize their reputations or their lives. . . ."

"It is curiously flat to return to the world again and move among the dull and sane, who, however strange their actions may be, at least have, as a rule, recognizable motives for them."

This is a justifiable comment on the average cinema performance and speaks for

itself. Apart from a good deal of falsity to life (one symptom of the lack of art I have already deplored) many films, true and harmless enough for adults, deal with subjects quite outside a child's range. It is curious that mothers who lock up certain books so that their children shall not read them, and hush up certain subjects of conversation in their presence, send them entirely unescorted to the picture palace without taking any steps to ascertain whether the performance is at all suited to their tender hearts and innocent imaginations.

True, there is a Film Censorship—without a single woman on it! But this body only censors films from the point of view of the general adult public; it is obviously impossible to restrict the latter to pictures suitable for a child's eyes. It is as impossible for a mother to tell, by merely looking at the ever-changing posters outside her local Electric Palace, whether there is anything in the course of the two hours' programme which might harm her young family. And merely to forbid the cinema altogether is to remove from the child a most pleasurable and educational adjunct to his life.

Wanted: Children's Cinemas

All of which arguments point to the fact that we ought to have children's picture palaces, or, at least, certain performances in every picture house specially intended for children, and to exclude them from, or seriously restrict their admission to, the ordinary adult shows.

The educational value of the cinema is enormous and by no means fully realized. Afternoon shows for children could be made a very potent influence for good and happiness, and "educational" need not be interpreted to mean only what is definitely instructive. Films showing travel, industry, and nature are valuable to any audience, whatever its age, but no juvenile programme should exclude beautiful, simple, well-told stories and plenty of clean fun.

The cinema has come to stay; when we most disapprove of it, we cannot deny that. When we come away from seeing something that has fed our craving for truth and beauty, we are very thankful for this permanence. It is because the cinema will stay for good that we must all take care—the audience just as much as the trade—that it is good enough to stay.

Two and a Tent

A Holiday Story
By
Wallace Evennett

OF course you don't know Freda, so you won't be able to understand how it happened that I ever got mixed up in such an adventure. You see, when Freda sets her mind upon doing a thing it gets done. She set her mind upon marrying me, that is why I'm her husband. It is the same with everything, protest, evade, or sulk how I will, whatever she sets her mind on me doing—well, I do. On this particular occasion I was very firm. I put my foot down from the first and absolutely refused to go, but—I went—and so this story.

It happened in this way: The approach of my annual fortnight's release from the office had thrown us both into a fever of speculation as to where we should go. But the more places we considered the more impossible we found it to come to a decision. We had been at this deadlock for a day or so, when, one morning, just as I had finished lathering my chin preparatory to shaving, she put her head round my dressing-room door and said, "Darling, I've got an absolutely wonderful idea." Now when Freda addresses me as "Darling," with that bewitching little upward inflection of hers, I know it to be a warning that I've got to be on my guard. I kept a diplomatic silence and became engrossed in stropping my razor.

"I've decided all about our holiday, darling."

"Oh! Have you engaged the rooms?" I mumbled as I turned to the glass and started shaving.

"Don't be ridiculous; besides, there aren't going to be any rooms."

"Oh!" I said, scrutinizing my chin. "I thought they *might* be necessary."

"Aha! Your little wife is going to save you expense," she said.

After a moment's interval of scraping I replied, in as dry a voice as I could

manage: "We're camping out in Hyde Park, I presume?"

"No, not in Hyde Park, darling. We're going to camp out, Henry, all by ourselves, in a glorious wood near the sea."

"Is breakfast ready?" I said tersely.

"No, not yet, neither are you, dear, are



"Darling, I've got an absolutely wonderful idea"

Drawn by
E. P. Kincaid

you?" she replied sweetly. "It will be such a wonderful holiday, all day soaked in sunshine and the open air—I've found out what to do and how to go about it. I know exactly what I'm going to wear. Oh! Henry, just imagine camping out in a little tent under the stars!"

"You're feverish, you must take something for it," I said in a flinty voice as I struggled with my collar.

"Now, Henry, darling," she said, coming

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"Can you tell me the way to Blackberry Copse?" I asked."

Drawn by
E. P. Kinsella

up to me and putting her arms round my neck and giving me the tiniest little touch of a kiss (a fearful advantage to take of a man), "you're not going to be grumpy and obstinate when I've set my heart on it, now, are you?"

What could I say, with her arms round my neck and her breath upon my cheek? I had just enough strength to keep silent.

She returned to the attack at breakfast. "It'll be so inexpensive, Henry; there will be no rooms to pay for, or gas, or fuel, or anything."

"My dear Freda, the whole thing's absurd, ridiculously impossible; it doesn't bear thinking about." I munched my toast in silence whilst Freda stirred her tea and looked piteous. The strain became too great. I forced myself to continue: "Absurd! How are we going to sleep? What about beds?"

She brightened. "You don't have any beds, dear, you sleep on the grass."

"Oh!" Another silence. "What about tables, chairs? How about the meals?"

"All on the grass, dear. *Al fresco*. It will be simply glorious. 'A loaf of bread beneath the bough, a flask of wine, a book of verse and thou beside me.'"

"Ah! that's where you're wrong," I interrupted. "There'll be no 'thou,' you can take my word for that, absolutely."

"Don't be a brute, Henry. If you'd only take an interest in it, it's a glorious idea.

Maime Scott told me all about it yesterday. She does it every summer."

"That settles it, if it's Maime Scott's idea; she's an artist and lives in one room on locusts and wild honey."

Not me," I said.

"I'm only human and need beefsteak and potatoes." I grabbed my hat and gloves and made for the hall.

"Think about it whilst you're at the office, Henry," she coaxed.

"Nonsense," I said tersely.

"And have a look at Gamage's tents on your way home."

I slammed the door and bolted for my train.



That day was very sunny and hot. The city was a simmering Hades, and the office desk and ledgers were gall and wormwood. I could see a bit of sky from my window, and it was such a deep, soft blue that day, refreshing and cool even to look at; little white, puffy clouds sailed serenely across it. I found myself biting the end of my pen and staring in front of me. Scraps of Freda's talk kept forming little pictures in my mind—"a glorious wood near the sea"; "soaked in sunshine and the open air." I had a vision of Freda with the sun kissing her cheek and the breeze rippling her hair, spreading a white cloth on the grass, *al fresco*. How jolly a little tent would look in the cool shadow of a wood!

I made a call on my way home that night. Freda met me at the door looking as neat and fresh as ever. When we got into the dining-room she turned to me with a half-confessing, half-defiant smile and said: "Henry, I—I've bought a camp kettle." I watched her for a moment, then, breaking into a laugh, I cried, "And I've bought a tent!" Then Freda thanked me, appropriately and generously.

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The great day of the start came at last. The dining-room looked like a combination of sports outfitters, grocery store, and an ironmonger's, for we were going to do the thing thoroughly and carry everything with us, even down to a saucepan.

Freda was upstairs dressing and I was busily engaged in tying our goods and chattels about my person. It is astonishing how much one can carry by this means. I got more and more astonished as I kept disposing of the different things about me. I got everything "on board" except that most indispensable article of camping kit, the frying-pan, and was ruminating with it in my hand when I heard Freda coming downstairs. She opened the door and came towards me shyly.

"Freda!" I cried. "Go upstairs and take them off at once," and I pointed dramatically to the door with the frying-pan. She was wearing a pair of positively horsey breeches!

"I thought I'd keep them as a surprise for you," she said demurely.

"You've succeeded beyond your most sanguine expectations," I fumed. "I am surprised, staggered. Now get them off at once."

"Why? Don't you—don't you like my legs?" she said archly.

"Yes, fervently, but not in those things."

"But, why? They're a lovely pair."

"My dear girl, do for heaven's sake show a little intelligence: we shall be conspicuous enough as it is. Look at me!"

She did, and made a valiant effort to suppress her feelings.

"I don't move a step until you change them," I said, and sat down, or, rather, got as near to doing so as I could under the circumstances.

"Very well," she said, and went upstairs. I suppose she thought I had quite enough to bear at the moment. She returned in an amazingly short time apparelled inconspicuously in a tweed coat and skirt.

We started for the station, and only had two halts on the way;

once to try and stop the rattling which was startling passing horses, and again to attempt to board a bus, but I got jammed on the stairs, so we walked.

We had chosen a place on the Hampshire coast. I say "we," but Freda got a map of the district, and after poring over it wisely for some minutes she put her finger on a little wood marked "Blackberry Copse" and declared that to be the heaven-sent spot for pitching the tent, because she liked the name and was very fond of blackberries.

The train duly deposited us at the nearest station, and we wandered out into the road feeling like explorers in a strange land. We saw an old man in a hard felt hat and cloth gaiters standing near. Freda suggested I should ask him the way.

"Can you tell me the way to Blackberry Copse?" I asked. He didn't answer at once, but continued sucking a short straw whilst he stolidly surveyed me and my load.



"I came upon her just inside the wood
bathing her feet in a little brook"—p. 988

Drawn by
E. P. Russell

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"However did ye get it all on?" he said at length.

I ignored his remark and sharply repeated my question.

"Lor', but you must be sweatin'," he said.

"Be ye moving?"

"Yes," I replied desperately, "if you will tell me the way."

"I shouldn't a' thought your legs would a' stood it," he continued sagely.

I flung him a glance of hate and hurried on.

I determined to take no more risks, so we walked steadily on until we came to a signpost which read, "Five miles to Little Hinton." This was the nearest village to the heaven-sent spot, and with renewed spirits we started towards it.

It was a glorious day; a fresh breeze was blowing and there was a tang of the sea in it which went to my head like wine. The sun was warm and bright, and it shone down upon our little road, making it a white riband trailing across the deep green of the country. We were on rising ground and could see for miles over the crests of some low hills to the sea shimmering in the distance. There was a bird somewhere, high up, singing madly, riotously. I found myself stepping out more lightly and easily and a queer little tremulous laugh inside me prevented me from speaking. I glanced at Freda, who was swinging along at my side. There was a fresh colour in her cheeks, and her eyes, as she turned towards me, were bright with intense pleasure.

"It's a good world," I murmured, when I could trust myself to speak.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she said quietly.

I felt her hand slip into mine. We stood still a moment; the little road was empty but for the sunshine, and then—we went on again, and I could stake my life that birds sang more madly than ever, and the sea was still a deeper blue.

After meandering for some time the road ran down into a valley and we could see the red and thatched roofs of Little Hinton clustered round about it. Down we went, and soon passed through the sleepy old village and out into the open again.

The country began to change; the grass gave place to gorse and furze and great clumps of bracken; the hedges disappeared, and with them the fields and enclosures, and a free, wild heathland took their place.

Just ahead and away to the right, on gently rising ground, we saw a little wood

whose tree-tops lay resting against the sky and whose cool shadow seemed to beckon us out of the gathering heat of the sun.

"Look! Blackberry Copse," cried Freda.

"The heaven-sent spot, undoubtedly," I replied, mopping my brow.

"Home!" she laughed, and made off towards it across the heath at a run. I followed more slowly; my load was beginning to tell. I came upon her just inside the wood bathing her feet in a little brook.

"This is the bath room," she said gaily.

"So I perceive," I said, shedding the bits of my burden one after the other on to the grass. "For heaven's sake tell me where the tap is, I'm as parched as a stuffed fish."

"Oh, that's higher up the stream, where the little pool is," she said.

I scrambled up-stream to the pool and found it as clear as crystal. I went down on all fours and put my lips to it.

"That's right, 'Drink, puppy, drink,'" called Freda, but I was much too busy to reprove her.

We very soon found a delightful spot for pitching the tent, a little grassy opening in the wood at the side of a faint, disused track.

I struggled valiantly with the cords and canvas while Freda stood by making helpful suggestions, and ultimately there it was, cool and inviting, a little white spot in a world of green. Freda immediately took possession and began "moving in."

She fetched armfuls of bracken and spread them on the grass and tied up two bundles of it for pillows. It was not until much later that I found a sprig of holly dexterously inserted into mine! With our blankets and eiderdown spread over the top we were soon thoroughly furnished.

Meanwhile, I had made a fire and suspended our camp kettle over it, and it was not long before it was singing away accompanied by crackling sticks and curling blue smoke.

Never shall I forget that first meal in the open; what appetites we had, and how delicious everything tasted, and how I loved Freda as she sat opposite me with her eyes full of laughter and happiness.

Yes, that was the greatest joy and wonder of it all. I found myself in love with her all over again; the old keen, sweet joy in her nearness came back to me just as it was before we married and became "sensible." Something in the sunshine or the air had worked the miracle, and we had recaptured

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the first glory of our love, for I knew, instinctively, by the tone of her voice that the same wonder had happened to Freda.

Just before sunset, after making all snug for the night, we strolled up through the wood to the top of the hill and sat down on some great tufts of sweet-smelling heather and watched the sun sink slowly down the sky into the sea at the far horizon's edge. The wonderful peace and beauty of the scene brought a tranquillity to us such as we rarely experienced. Between long, content silences we talked on things near and dear to us, things which seldom come to the surface of speech.

The last tiny segment of the sun slowly disappeared and a little breeze sprang up out of nowhere and made a whisper in the green world about us as if Mother Nature were bidding good night to her children before the dark came.

We retraced our steps through the soft twilight of the wood, lingering to watch the delicate tracery of the leaves against the luminous evening sky or to catch faint, sweet odours wafted to us from unseen flowers and herbs.

In the gathering darkness our little tent gleamed out welcome to us, and soon, pleasantly tired, and with a delicious sense of freedom and well-being, we lay in the warm still night waiting the gentle coming of sleep.

The end of the tent was wide open, and as I lay I watched the stars come out, one by one, in the heavens, and in a while a dim fairy light spreading through the air told me the moon had risen. In the deep stillness I could hear Freda's gentle breathing grow more regular, and presently, in her sleep, her head moved a little and rested on my shoulder and a strand of her hair fell against my cheek. The light of the stars dimmed and swam in my vision, and deep in the heart of me I was happy.



I don't know how long I had been asleep,

but suddenly I found myself wide awake and listening intently with an intense feeling that some one or thing was near by in the wood. I raised myself on my shoulder and gazed out into the darkness—the moon had gone and clouds had gathered; all I could see was the vague silhouettes of the near trees against the sky and the deep all-



"I jumped up, with the torn-up sides of the tent draped about me"

Drawn by
E. P. Kingsella

embracing blackness beyond, and I could hear but the weird murmur of the wind in the tree-tops, but suddenly came the rustle of leaves, cracking of twigs and dull, heavy footfalls. At first they were some distance away, then they came nearer and nearer, and I knew they must be on the track that led past the tent. All at once they stopped and there was dead silence. With my heart beating painfully and forgetting that the tent was not high enough, I jumped up and stood erect with the torn-up sides of the tent draped about me. Immediately I heard a hoarse, startled cry and the loud report of a gun, so near as to deafen me. I flung my enveloped arms up in the air, and, with a shout, rushed blindly forward. There was a loud, frightened yell and another report, and I felt a hot, fierce pain in my arm. I tore frantically at the tent to get myself free of it and heard a great

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crashing sound as of someone breaking through the wood in headlong flight; this sound rapidly receded until it died away altogether.

When I could collect my wits I struggled back to Freda and found her dazed and trembling and almost fainting with fear. She clutched my arm, then I felt her suddenly brace herself.

"What's on your sleeve, Henry, it's all wet and hot? You're hurt, dear, you've been hit!"

"I believe so, but I don't think it's much," I replied unsteadily.

Instantly all her fear was lost in her concern. She made me sit down on the ground. She had my coat off and my shirt sleeve ripped up in a trice. I felt her deft, little fingers examining my arm in the darkness. I gave her a box of matches from my pocket. She struck one which dazed us both for a moment.

"I don't think it's very serious," she said with a little quiver in her voice. "I'll wrap it up and make it as comfortable as I can until we can get it dressed."

She quickly tore my shirt sleeve into pieces and made a bandage of it, and my pain was soon greatly eased.

"We had better get out of this as soon as we can," I said; "our sporting friend may take courage and return for another shot."

"But whoever could it have been, and why did he rush away?" Freda asked.

"It must have been a drunken keeper or country bumpkin who got the fright of his life when he saw me robed in the tent," I replied. "It's a good job I frightened him off his aim."

We began groping about after our belongings. I placed the tent on the ground and flung everything pell-mell into the middle of it and made a sort of washing bundle of the whole. "Dick Whittington and his wife," I laughed shakily as I shouldered the bundle and Freda supported my damaged arm.

We had just started moving cautiously through the wood when we heard the deep bark of a dog and confused shouts in the distance. We stood still to listen, and soon realised that the noise was drawing nearer. Some men and dogs were evidently making for this end of the wood and were doubtless hunting us!

"We must hide," said Freda breathlessly.

"But why? We've done no wrong," I whispered.

"We can't prove it," she returned.

"Perhaps it would look suspicious," I said, "and with this beastly bundle too; we'll lie low until they've gone. Follow me as quietly as you can."

I struck up through the wood away from the nearing sounds. We soon came upon a shallow gully, probably the dry bed of a stream; we scrambled down into it and worked our way carefully along it for a little distance until we came to a place where it was completely overhung by trees. In this extempore lair we awaited our fate. We held each other close; I could feel Freda's heart beating wildly in the pitch darkness. I kissed her cheek and whispered reassuringly to her.

"I'm not afraid, dear, we're together," she murmured, and pressed my hand, and just then I could have tackled a whole army corps. We hadn't long to wait. Soon we heard the breaking of branches, the beating of bushes, and the barking and yelping of dogs. They had entered the wood and were coming in our direction. We waited breathlessly as the sounds drew nearer. In a moment there was a panting and the soft, quick patter of a dog along the top of the bank above us; it passed us, then slowed down, stopped and then dropped into the gully and made towards us.

As it came up I whispered hearsely to it: "Good dog, good lad," and held a biscuit down to it, one that I had left in my pocket from the day's march; it sniffed at my legs suspiciously, but was reassured by the biscuit, which it accepted ravenously. I patted it and heard its tail wagging against a bush and knew that we were friends. A few seconds later another dog ran quickly along the top of the bank, and our unwelcome visitor bounded up after him.

We were just congratulating ourselves upon our escape when we heard voices quite near at hand and the heavy footfalls of men on the bank above. They were beating the bushes with sticks and sent a shower of dead leaves and dust over us as we stood below. Freda gripped me convulsively, and we stood rigid, not daring to breathe.

"Might as well give it up, Joe; it's a fool's chase thee's on," said one voice.

"I tell ye I heard two shots, and I ain't been keeper for twenty year wi'out knowing what that means in the dead o' night," answered another gruffer one.

"Nay, it must a' been a dead bough a-

TWO AND A TENT

splitting; there's never no poachers in these parts."

"There's some to-night, m' lad, and I've got this wood chock-full o' game, and I arn't going out of it till I've caught 'em, dead or alive."

"It's like searching for a needle in a 'ay rick on a night like this; you'll never find 'em."

"Never's the wrong word for me, my lad. I've got a gun, a couple of dogs, besides a sleepy-headed fool to 'elp me, so come on."

Their voices gradually died away until we were left in absolute silence.

When all seemed clear we cautiously followed along the gully until it brought us out of the wood and on to the open heath. I immediately got our bearings as near as I could guess, and started off across the open.

"Where are you making for?" said Freda, stepping out at my side.

"The railway station," I replied firmly. "Camping's too exciting a life for me."

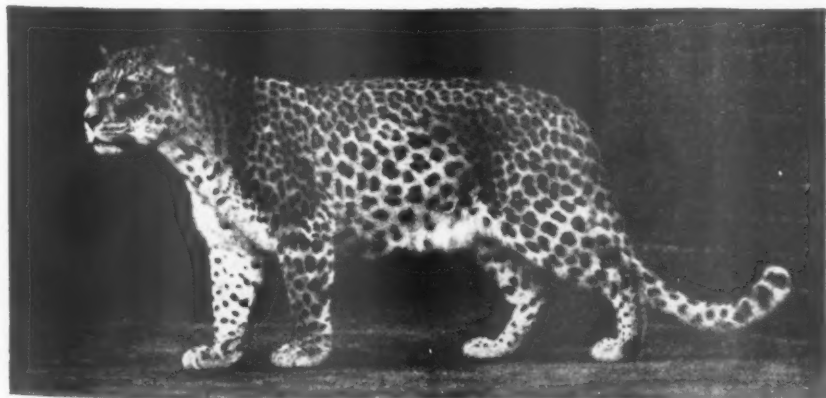


Had you been at Folkestone a few days later you might have noticed a young couple strolling along the promenade, the man's left arm being in a brightly coloured sling, whilst his other was closely cuddled into the waist of his partner.

Had you been particularly observant you would have noticed that they were perfectly happy and content, as though resting after many labours.



But the bundle is safe upstairs in the attic, and one day we shall try again, for there was much joy before the blow fell; only next time it won't be in Blackberry Copse!



A Persian Leopardess
in Captivity

Photo:
Gambler Bolton

(See "Should Wild Animals be Kept in Captivity?" on page 965)

Queer Confessions

THERE is an elderly adage as true as it is trite which declares that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. I often think of this adage and try to apply it to my own humble life, for I wonder how many people realize the movement and excitement, the thrills and disappointments, the humour and the pathos of the little sphere in which I have my being?

As a special commissioner I am at the beck and call of any editor who cares to engage me. I am ready at all hours to scurry away and ferret out a good human story, or to obtain the material necessary for the latest article. I sleep with the telephone at my bedside. I know the railway

Leaves from the Notebook of Our Special Commissioner

time-tables of the British Isles as the clergyman must memorize his collects. What is abnormal to most people becomes part of my everyday existence.

On one occasion I can remember being in an office in Fleet Street at 5.30 p.m. receiving hurried instructions to interview an important personage in Cardiff that evening. I swung on to the South Wales express just as it pulled out of Paddington at 6.10 (taking care not to get into the last coach, which is a "slip"), and was back at the Great Western terminus soon after 3 a.m. The manuscript was waiting for my editor when he reached his desk that morning.

At another time I had to go to Bridge of Allan for a special article. Leaving Euston at midnight I reached Stirling at 8.30 a.m. and jumped into a waiting car. I got both my breakfast and the "story," caught the 9.50 a.m. from Stirling, and was back at Euston at 6.15 p.m. handing the completed "copy" to a messenger. Portable typewriter and I had covered more than 800 miles in about eighteen hours.

I have been up in an aeroplane and down in a coal mine. For days I have lived and worked with a travelling circus company. I have been behind the scenes in nearly every theatre in London. I have watched the magic presses at the Royal Mint stamp our golden sovereigns like so many tawdry buttons. I have travelled by barge on the canals, on the steamers that bring cattle from Ireland and on Foden lorries along the highways—all for articles with "the personal touch." Mine is one of those callings in which one seldom does the same task twice over.

Once (it was some time ago) I was invited to do a magazine sketch depicting the work of the railway breakdown gang—a "lifeboat of the line" sort of thing. For this exclusive article I went to the depot works of a great railway company and sat in the office of the chief engineer.



"I swung on to the South Wales express just as it pulled out of Paddington"

QUEER CONFESSIONS

Presently a breathless boy came rushing into the room bearing a telegraph form. "Engine off the road at — sidings," ran the message.

Another moment and my host and I were out in the yard. An engine with steam up was being coupled to the breakdown train. Alarm signals were bringing men running from every quarter. I leapt into one of the vans, fitted with ambulance appliances, emergency food, surgical requirements, and so on. Then, with a special code winging its way from cabin to cabin, we pulled out on to the main line and faced a clear road at tremendous speed.

Reaching the sidings mentioned in the message there was indeed an engine off the track. It was a large express locomotive that had been thrown from the rails at some points.

With crane, ramps, and other tackle the engine was replaced in its normal position and steamed off about its business. The breakdown gang collected and stowed away its tools and stores. Half an hour from the time of starting we were back in the depot yard—and the magazine I represented had had the honour of having a railway accident specially arranged for it!

The travelling post office with its sorting tables and gear for picking up or dropping mail bags on the journey; the swift newspaper morning "special" with its long vans in which newsagents' bundles are packed when moving at sixty miles an hour; the bullion train from an overseas liner; trains containing nothing but hundreds of pigeons for a long-distance flight; hospital trains—these are some of the subjects of iron-road articles that I have covered.

Once I remember going to Liverpool with the Salvation Army emigrants' train. The midnight scene at Euston—a band at one end of the platform, the singing of hymns, the farewells of people who might never meet again, women crying and men with tears in their eyes, little praying groups. Then, at six o'clock the next morning, in the cold grey of a winter's dawn, the emigrants and their bundles streaming across the open space in front of Lime



"The emigrants and their bundles streamed across Lime Street Station"

Drawn
by
Albert Marros

Street Station, the grim, silent journey to the docks, tired, cross children straggling behind. And, later, the giant liner casting off with its first slow movement towards that new land of hope and glory.

Strange tasks have often come my way. Once, in response to an urgent summons, I called upon an editor only to find that a serial writer had let him down. The contributor had, as usual, been doing the story in weekly instalments, and there came a time when his copy failed to appear.

"He has left his home in Surrey," explained the editor. "We have had a wire from his housekeeper giving the address of an hotel at Clifton, where he was staying a couple of days ago. Get hold of him, stand over him with a club if necessary—but, whatever happens, I *must* have the instalment the day after to-morrow."

I went to Bristol by the next train and took a taxi up to Clifton. My man had gone—to Matlock. Without a moment's delay I motored back to the Joint Station, just caught a Midland express for Derby, and turned up at Matlock in the evening hours. Again I was too late—the writer had

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only just departed for Liverpool *en route* for the Isle of Man!

Having read the previous instalments and being thoroughly conversant with the serial I sat down at one of the Hydros and wrote the overdue copy myself. It must have given satisfaction to the editor, for it was duly published; and, to this day, that serial

having weathered this initiation to friendship, several buxom negresses in the most alarming deshabille were made to stand up in a row for my inspection. They were apparently the royal wives, and their beauty rested chiefly on their bulk and rotundity. Savage shows of this sort were once popular in the metropolis, war dances, native villages, the intimacies of home life in kraal and wigwam. It is perhaps a sign of progress that we seem now to have left this kind of thing behind; for, educationally, it was of singularly little value.

Sometimes luck enters into the journalist's life. I happened to be passing along the Strand when the arch of Charing Cross Station fell in, which meant a rare scoop. Once, during the war, I was in Yorkshire for the publishers of *THE QUIVER* and wanted very badly to see khaki cloth made—from the sheep's back to the tailor's needle. The manager of the factory most politely turned me down, when I had the good fortune to enter the very place where the directors of the firm were having lunch.

As a matter of fact, the chairman of the directors was actually reading *Cassell's Magazine* at the lunch table. Sending across my card by a waiter I asked for, and obtained, an interview, during which we discussed magazines in general, and those related to *THE QUIVER* in particular. In the end the very manager who, strictly according to instructions, had first refused me took me himself through every department of the huge works.

It is quite the custom among those periodicals that give large money prizes in football and word-making competitions to have the winners interviewed so that they may tell the less successful competitors their method of working—and set the seal of good faith on their success.

I have personally interviewed no fewer than forty of these fortunate winners, the sums won varying from £300 to £1,000. Looking back I wonder in how many cases the receipt of a substantial cheque has been of real, lasting good to the recipient. It has never been my privilege to meet these winners a second time, but I have a shrewd suspicion that money obtained in this way does not bring benefit in each individual



"With crane, ramps, and other tackle the engine was replaced in its normal position"—p. 993

in book form contains the chapters for which I am responsible.

As for the author in question—an extremely clever fellow—he was liable occasionally to fits of melancholia and depression. It was in one of these moods that he literally tried to run away from himself. Unwittingly he ran away from me.

Rather a quaint experience came my way when, as a mere lad, I was sent to interview a Zulu potentate at a London exhibition. To make friends with the dusky gentleman I had first of all to smoke some vile weed through a hubble-bubble pipe. Then,

QUEER CONFESSIONS

instance. I certainly know of one beautiful little house and grounds, the freehold of which was the outcome to the present owner of a football prize. Are there men and women who have squandered their easily acquired wealth in such a way that it has unsettled them?

My coming on these missions was usually heralded by a telegram from the editor, and there have been occasions when half a town has turned out to meet me. At one place a Yorkshire miner, to whom I took the news that he had won £400, would only lose half an hour of his working time for the purposes of the interview.

One of my prize-winners was positively alarmed when he heard he had won £500. His employer was a very strait-laced man who regarded all competitions in the same category as gambling. Was it necessary that the name of the recipient of the prize be published at all, much less an interview? Another winner had, on the very morning of my call, been blessed with twins as well as a huge prize. He thoughtfully arranged the interview in a private room at an hotel.

Once, in a remote part of Ireland, I arrived at a single-storied shack with a substantial cash prize. The winner was churning butter at the time beside a peat fire, and nothing would induce her to leave the churn till her task was completed, not even the glorious news that I had journeyed from London to Stranraer and across the Irish Sea to take her. Strangely enough, the winner of the largest football prize with which I was ever concerned had never witnessed a League match!

My experiences during most of the war period were not of a journalistic nature and do not come within the scope of these confessions. In the very early days of the conflict, however, I did special commissioner work at the London Docks, at Woolwich Arsenal, and at Scarborough after the raid. Once, when I was carrying out a commission for this magazine, I was taken for a spy, and though I had my credentials the easier way out of the difficulty seemed to be to fly. I flew—and spent the night in a Salvation Army shelter, where some interesting human studies gave me another article.

It will be a matter of common knowledge to most readers that the stars of the theatrical and music-hall firmament are not writers as well as artistes, despite the fact that their names appear beneath the captions of so many articles in the Press. What usually happens is that an enterprising journalist writes the article and the stage favourite signs it. Nor is the cult of the "signed article" without its thrills.

I recollect once writing a screed and then chasing a comedian, whose name is a household word, for his signature. It was at a music-hall near Liverpool Street that I first ran him down, reading the start of the article to him as he was waiting to take his call. The second part I read in the dressing-room at Poplar. Back again at the earlier hall for the "second house" I read a bit more, and finally got the signature on my second appearance at Poplar. Where taxis failed I had to rely on the trams for this three hours of perpetual motion.

Once I gave a policeman my card and half a crown to shepherd me into a favoured spot for some work I had on hand. "Make it five bob," he said, "and I'll keep — out



"The winner was churning butter at the time"

Drawn by
Albert Morrow

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altogether!" He had glanced at the card and knew there was keen rivalry between the paper I represented and the one he named so patly. I "made it five bob"!

Leaving a Fleet Street office once at 7 p.m. I travelled to Harwich, crossed to the Hook of Holland, and was in Amsterdam for breakfast, seeking some material to write round a set of excellent photographs. I dined that night in Rotterdam and was back in the Street of Adventure at 9 the next morning. The knowledge that I was on this occasion in the ill-fated *Berlin* on the last trip but one she ever made is but an interesting sidelight.

As a rule, travelling on important journalistic missions one is allowed first-class railway fare. Generally speaking, the copy has to be written on the return journey, so that comfort and comparative privacy are essential. And it is only natural that frequent travelling in this way brings one into touch with interesting and often useful people.

Once I came in contact by chance with a Member of Parliament who gave me during the journey a most unique article on the child labour that prevailed among his constituents. On another occasion (though I did not know it at the time) I found myself travelling with a belted earl who had a season ticket between London and a town in Scotland.

Apparently he regarded the journey as though it merely extended from Waterloo to Clapham Junction, and I asked him for his most unusual experience.

"Once," he said, "I was to be on duty with the Guards at Windsor Castle for an important function in Queen Victoria's time. I left it till the last train for my journey down from Scotland, and, unluckily, through the main line being fouled by some coal trucks, the Scotch express was a couple of hours late.

"As I reached Paddington Her Majesty

was just stepping into the Royal Saloon when I remembered that she always insisted upon travelling at a low speed. Instantly I chartered a special train, changed into uniform *en route*, passed the Queen at West Drayton, and appeared in my place at Windsor as though nothing unusual had happened."

Looking back to the experiences that have given rise to these confessions I am of the opinion that the Press is losing some of its old prestige. In 1915 I was granted privileges in the London Docks without the slightest question. Quite lately, on a mission for Messrs. Cassell, I was informed by the Port of London Authority that no more pressmen were to be allowed in the bonded warehouses and similar places for the purpose of writing those very articles in which people are most interested, and which have a high educative value. In a career of more than twenty years this was my first experience of being "turned down" by a public institution, and it would be a loss to the general reader if this bureaucratic spirit were to spread.

Once the card of a responsible journalist would carry him almost everywhere. To-day one needs passes, signed, sealed, and delivered. It is hardly thinkable that pressmen have abused the privileges granted to them, and I attribute the tendency to the present-day habit of filling up forms and quoting the number and letter for every action one takes.

"Please hold the 2.10 local train," I wired forward once to a junction when an express by which I was travelling was late, "a number of passengers for it."

The stationmaster duly held the train but was frightfully annoyed to find me the only traveller.

"What about the 'number of passengers'?" he asked snappily.

"Well," I answered meekly, "isn't one a number?"





"'Excuse me,' I said, 'but would you mind telling me who the lady was who came in late?'" —p. 999

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling

The Lady who Wasn't There

A Love Story
By
R. B. Ince

IT'S curious how interested some people are in their ancestors, isn't it? My Aunt Cynthia, for instance. She knows all about the Denver family and who the various members of it have married right away back to the Stone Age. She says she can tell a Denver of Norfolk from a Denver of Lincolnshire by the shape of the chin. On such matters I never dispute with her. They are sacred to Aunt Cynthia as her religion.

From Aunt Cynthia I have heard the history of the Denvers of Cotesby—not once but many times. You may remember—but, I beg your pardon, you are not so keenly interested in the Denvers as my aunt—so you probably don't remember when Sir John Denver, of Cotesby Manor, went bank-

rupt. The affair made rather a stir in artistic circles because Cotesby Manor is, or rather was, rich in certain old tapestries said to date from the Crusades. They were sold, together with Cotesby Manor, and Sir John, the last of his line, retired to a villa in Italy.

I was cycling through Lincolnshire last summer, and it was then that this curious thing happened to me, the strangest and most fortunate affair that I have ever experienced.

My way to Witham, if I followed a by-road, lay within half a mile of Cotesby Manor. I had never seen the old seat of the Lincolnshire Denvers, and as this seemed a favourable opportunity, I quitted the main road at Fenny Plashford, taking the turning

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which, so the signpost said, led to Cotesby and Malover.

Arrived at Cotesby village I purchased some postcards and inquired who lived at the Manor. The natives were not communicative. They seldom are in remote villages. All I could learn was that the name of the present occupier was Carbridge.

Armed with this information, I started off for the lodge gates. It was a perfect morning of July. The country was veiled in a light mist; the air was warm and heavily laden with the mingled sounds and scents of the countryside. One of those days when you hardly know whether you are living in a real world or in some vision land of melting dreams. The road bends sharply as it approaches the Manor gates. As I came within sight of the old stone lodge a girl was opening the small footpath gate. She seemed to hesitate and I put on a sprint, intending to catch her up and make further inquiries. She was too quick for me, however. When I reached the gate she had made up her mind and passed in. By the time I had pushed my bicycle through she was walking briskly down the drive. Not, however, before I had caught a glimpse of her face as she paused at the gate. I was immediately struck, not so much by her beauty (though she was beautiful) as by the kindness of her smile and the brightness of her eyes. For one brief instant they had seemed to smile confidingly into mine, almost as though she recognized me, and the next she had turned and gone on. My hand went uncertainly half-way to my cap. Did she know me? I could not remember having seen her before.

The drive makes a sharp bend to the right after passing the lodge. I jumped on to my bicycle and pedalled hard. Her glance had been a welcome; almost an invitation to walk in. Surely she was not one of these Carbridge people who, I had made up my mind, were rich and vulgar? I turned the corner and—there was no one in sight. Two or three hundred yards of straight road stretched between me and the bridge across the moat. I gazed over the park that rolled away on either side of me but could see nobody. I rubbed my eyes and muttered interjections of surprise and annoyance. My thoughts wandered to Aunt Cynthia. She is such a matter-of-fact person. Confronted with the bizarre or abnormal, she talks prosily about it until you feel it is just the most ordinary occurrence in the world. . . .

"She's lying down somewhere in the grass," Aunt Cynthia would have said, "and I don't blame her, a hot day like this!" Then she would have grumbled about the heat and the flies.

But I'm not like Aunt Cynthia. When a queer thing happens it's no use telling myself it isn't queer. I was born under a different star, I suppose.

I crossed the bridge over the moat and rang the bell. The place had very obviously been restored lately, but the work had been done well and tastefully.

A butler in superb (but ridiculous) costume came to the door. He wore a white waistcoat, red plush coat and knickers. Silk stockings drew attention to the classic shape of his calves. Mayfair in its most palmy days couldn't have turned out a more superb menial.

I asked for Mr. Carbridge and handed the butler my card. He glanced at it suspiciously, took a silver salver from the oak bureau in the hall, and bore it off by way of offering to his master. His solemnity surpassed the solemnity of all the butlers I ever knew. Malvolio himself did not strut more magnificently. I felt awed. I am not accustomed to the society of millionaires. Hastily I flicked the dust from my knickers, pulled up my stockings and straightened my tie.

Suddenly I was conscious of an approaching altercation. A loud and high-pitched voice was talking volubly to the butler.

"Nonsense, nonsense, James," was all I caught of the conversation. "I can go to my own front door if I like, I suppose? Oh, the study, the study, the study be hanged!"

The owner of the voice came forward with a quick, shuffling walk and grasped me by the hand.

"Your name's Denver?" he asked. "Delighted to meet you, sir, delighted. Are you one of the Lincolnshire Denvers? No? From Norfolk? Oh, ah, yes. I heard there were Denvers in Norfolk. You knew Sir John, did you? No? Never been here before? Oh, well, anyway, I'm delighted to see you. Delighted. Come in, Mr. Denver. Come in. I'll show you over the place. You'll stay to lunch? Oh, you must, you must. I've got one or two people coming in to lunch to-day, the vicar and one or two others. They'll be delighted to meet a relation of Sir John's. James, take Mr. Denver's bicycle round to the stables."

THE LADY WHO WASN'T THERE

Mr. Carbridge was middle-aged, tall, thin and bent. His thinness, sloping shoulders and sharp features gave him a curious resemblance to the crescent moon. His greeting was so friendly that my fear of the solemn butler wilted away. He talked continuously, partly to himself and partly to me. It was abundantly evident that he belonged to the type that prefers to talk rather than listen.

I fear my attention wandered a good deal. I was thinking of the girl with the pleasant smile. What had become of her? Had she entered just before me, and if so, who was she? A daughter, perhaps? But I could detect no shadow of likeness between her and Mr. Carbridge.

It was a large, rambling house, dating from the fifteenth century, and it was exquisitely furnished with taste and yet unobtrusively. It did not advertise itself as the houses of the rich so frequently do: "See how expensively I've been furnished." I praised it to my host.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I got a friend to see to all that. He's fond of that sort of thing and has a wonderful knowledge of chairs, tables and pictures. I only made one stipulation: that he should get me the most comfortable chair in England for my study. And, really, I think he did. I'll show it you afterwards."

He took me to the picture gallery and introduced me to the faded portraits of many deceased Denvers.

"Are you interested in pictures?" he inquired.

"A little," I replied with a smile. "I paint them."

"Really? Now that is interesting. You don't mean to say that you make money by painting! How extraordinary! I could never draw a straight line myself. I had no idea that any of the Denvers had—"

"Brains?" I hazarded, not very tactfully, in view of his disclaimer.

"No, no, I didn't mean that. Had gone in for art, I was going to say. That's Sir John up there. A queer old fellow. Touchy, very touchy. But I'm not surprised. It nearly killed him, giving up the Manor, so I'm told."

I glanced down the long wainscoted gallery. The sun streamed through the open windows making golden pools on the rich brown carpet. "Indeed," I said, "it is a lovely old house. Have you any family, Mr. Carbridge?"

"One girl, aged— There she is. Doris, how old are you?"

He called to a little girl in pink who was jumping downstairs, two at a time.

"Eight, I believe," she shouted, and was running on.

"Come here, Doris," said Mr. Carbridge, "and shake hands with Mr. Denver."

She tossed her pigtail petulantly.

"What a nuisance you are, papa. I *can't* stay. You know I'm just going out on my pony."

She scowled at me, shook hands and scampered away.

There was a faint resemblance to her father in her thin, peaked face. There was none to the young lady I had met in the drive. Obviously she was not a Carbridge.

Should I, I wondered, meet my lady of the smile at lunch?

I took my place at the right hand of Mrs. Carbridge, a lady with three chins, small fat hands and very rudimentary grasp of grammar. No; she was not there. But there was one chair empty on the farther side of the table away from me. Perhaps she would come in late. She did. We had finished the soup when she slipped in and, with an inaudible apology, took the vacant chair. Evidently she was the governess. I wished I had been nearer so that I could have asked her where she had vanished to in the drive. As it was, I fear that my eyes wandered to her face more often than was entirely polite. But when a woman is beautiful, mysterious and elusive, how can she expect to avoid attracting the eyes of a painter?

I listened to Mrs. Carbridge, I talked to the vicar, but such conversation as I made was purely mechanical, and I fear that my replies were frequently at random. I was thinking about the pretty face with the brown eyes and the dark ringlets of hair. . . . It was not merely that she was pretty; that her hazel eyes had a luminous quality as of fire behind them. There was something about her. . . . I was puzzled. She talked to no one, yet she smiled pleasantly when anything amusing was said. She seemed strange; not entirely at one with her surroundings. Probably, I thought, she had not been long with the family.

After lunch I drew Mr. Carbridge aside.

"Excuse me," I said, "but would you mind telling me who the lady was who came in late and sat in the last chair but one on the side opposite to me? I met

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her coming in at the gate this morning and—"

Mr. Carbridge looked at me suspiciously and raised his eyebrows. I have seen the same expression on the faces of business men when you talk to them of poetry.

"My dear sir, you're not pulling my leg? No? I'm sure you're not. And you're not one of these spiritualists?"

"Certainly not," I assured him. "You're not going to tell me that—"

"That there was no such lady? My dear Mr. Denver, I am. That chair was empty. Ask my wife. Ask any of those present. It was kept for Dr. Browning, but he's just telephoned that he was called away to a patient. But this young lady. Tell me, what was she like?"

I described her in detail.

"But there," I concluded, "I say I saw her, and *you* say she didn't exist. So there's no common ground of argument. All the same, I saw her as clearly as I see you. I could paint her portrait."

At that suggestion a light came into Mr. Carbridge's face. His eyes twinkled, his lips smiled.

"Now that's splendid of you," he said, "to offer to paint her portrait." (I had done nothing of the kind in point of fact.) "I'd like immensely to have it for our picture gallery. We would call her the ghost. There is said to be a ghost, you know, but none of us have seen it. Perhaps," he added with a nervous chuckle, "she will only reveal herself to the Denvers?"

We had coffee on the terrace and I chatted with the other guests. It was evident that nobody else had seen the lady. It was also evident that Mr. Carbridge was very anxious that I should paint him a portrait of her. He returned to the subject several times tentatively, and as if afraid lest he gave me offence. Just before I left he summoned courage to come to the point.

"I should like you to do that portrait as a commission from me," he said. "And name your own price, of course."

This, considering that he didn't know whether I could paint or not, was handsome.

"With great pleasure," I said, "and thank you for the offer. Have you a pencil and some paints in the house?"

After prolonged search a box of water-colours was procured from the cook.

I made a quick sketch in pencil, which I

tinted. Mr. Carbridge was delighted with it.

"How you manage to do it 'out of your head,'" he said, "amazes me."

"It is by no means 'out of my head,'" I assured him. "I saw her as clearly as you see me. But whether I was drunk or inspired or hypnotized or demented I can't say. Nothing of the sort has ever happened to me before. I have never seen a ghost, and if I did I probably shouldn't believe in it. I'm sceptic to the core."

Soon afterwards I left, taking the sketch with me.

"I will do the portrait," I told him, "as soon as I get home, and you shall have it directly it is finished."

"Good," said Mr. Carbridge, "good. I'll make room for it next to Sir John."

The dignitary in plush brought my bicycle to the door. I took leave of the Carbridges and pedalled slowly and thoughtfully along the drive.

I had much to think about. Who was this occupant of the vacant chair? Was I suffering from some mental illusion? Had I really seen the ghost of Cotesby Manor? These questions and many others knocked insistently at the door of consciousness. I pedalled on as in a dream. . . .

A dream that was suddenly shattered. As I turned the corner of the drive another shock awaited me. I jumped off my machine and stood, staring. A young lady was pushing open the gate. Was this what mental specialists call "an obsession"? Was I taking leave of my senses?

I gazed, fascinated. It was the same young lady. Was she a ghost, a real being or a creation of the imagination? She looked palpable enough. She passed through the gateway and was walking towards me. I stood watching her. I was determined that if she melted into air again she should melt under my steady gaze. I would not be tricked this time by the bend in the drive.

There was no mistaking her. The same short curling hair, the same luminous hazel eyes, the same humorous and smiling mouth.

I advanced to meet her, wondering how I could explain the situation without at once suggesting thoughts of a lunatic asylum. I fingered the sketch in my coat pocket.

"Pardon me," I said, "but I feel I must introduce myself. I have been lunching at Cotesby Manor and a very extraordinary



"'Well,' she said, 'it is extraordinary.
It's me exactly—only rather flattered' "—, 1002

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling

THE QUIVER

thing has happened. I hardly know how to explain. . . . But it concerns you. Have you, by the way, ever been here before?"

"No, never. But—why do you ask?"

"Well, this morning I saw you enter by these gates. I saw you as distinctly as I see you now. You passed the lodge and walked down the drive. I lost sight of you at the corner, and when I turned it you had disappeared."

"Extraordinary! Perhaps I have a 'double' in the neighbourhood?" she suggested with a laugh.

"That theory won't fit all the facts," I said. "You see, when we sat down to lunch there was a vacant chair; one of the guests didn't turn up. And after we had started, your ghost or wraith or spirit or whatever it was— But you will think I am a raving lunatic. It sounds so utterly fantastic. All I can say is that I saw you sitting at the Carbridges' table as clearly as I see you now. But—and here's the point which seems to make me out as being 'slightly touched,' shall we say?—nobody else saw you. I asked Mr. Carbridge about you after lunch, and he swore there was nobody in that chair. So, to try and convince him, I made a sketch, and—here you are."

She took it into her hands, and as she looked a frown puckered her forehead.

"Well," she said, "it is extraordinary. It's me exactly—only rather flattered. It would be me if I were—beautiful. Really, then, I suppose I was here?"

She appeared to be pondering something.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"My name," she replied with the charming irrelevance of woman, "is Urquhart—Vilna Urquhart. I am going as governess to Mr. Carbridge's daughter. I have never been here before. Never seen the Carbridges. I was coming by a morning train but I missed my connexion at Stow. I didn't intend to tell anyone, it was so foolish. . . . But, well, you see, I was up late last night at a dance, and in the train I felt so tired that I fell asleep. I had a dream. I thought I was here. I saw the drive and the lodge, just as they are, and—"

"And me?" I suggested.

"No, there was no one about. I felt worried, I don't know why. And then I woke up and found I was three stations beyond Stow, and I had to catch a slow train back. I recognized the lodge and the gates

and the drive directly I got here. I've never dreamed like that before, though there's said to be a strain of clairvoyance in the family. We're Scotch, you know. But how strange it all is. I'm not quite sure that I like it."

"In matters of this kind," I said, "the gods don't consider our likes and dislikes. You appear, Miss Urquhart, to have 'dreamed true.' That's the correct Highland expression, isn't it?"

"But why were you the only one to see me? Are you Scotch?"

"There," I laughed, "you have the advantage of me. No; I can't claim a drop of blood from the Land o' Cakes. My name's 'Denver.' A branch of our family used to own this place. Sir John, who sold it to the Carbridges, is a distant relation. I'm an artist, and," I added with a glance of admiration, "a lover of beauty. Perhaps that accounts for it. Anyway, one thing is clear. You can't go on."

"Can't go! I don't understand, Mr. Denver!"

"Well, you'll spoil the whole thing if you do and rob me of my commission. Not that I want the money; still a little extra is always useful. The point is that old Carbridge is convinced that I've seen the ancestral ghost. Like many another rich man, he is secretly vexed because he doesn't know who his great-great-great-grandfather was. I don't see that it matters very much myself. But ghosts only favour 'old' families. The new ones don't treat them with sufficient respect, I suppose. Anyway, if you'll forgive the vulgar expression, he's 'dead nuts' on that ghost and has commissioned me to paint its (I beg your pardon) *your* portrait. He will not be happy until you hang next to Sir John in the picture gallery. 'That,' he will say—when visitors ask who the beautiful young lady with the brown eyes is—'Oh! that's a portrait of the family ghost done by a friend of mine, one of the Denvers. A most remarkable thing, he saw her—' And then he'll trot out the story of my visit, adding a touch here and a touch there. . . . If you go on you'll destroy one of Mr. Carbridge's dearest illusions."

Suddenly the funny side of the situation struck her. She flung herself down on the grassy bank, rested her face in her hands, and shook with laughter.

"It's too ridiculous," she gasped. "I—yes—I see your point. But—I'm engaged."

THE LADY WHO WASN'T THERE

"Then—why not get married?" I suggested gloomily.

She flushed slightly. "I didn't mean that. I meant—they've engaged me."

"But you can easily make an excuse. Send a wire later. Besides, there's another good reason why you shouldn't go on. What sort of a child do you like for a pupil?"

"A good one, naturally. Easy to teach. Intelligent and affectionate, with a nice nature. I got on famously with my last. But Nancy was one in a thousand. She was, and is, a friend as well as a pupil. Clever, imaginative. . . . The kind of child one seldom meets, nowadays. I love children so long as they're not selfish and spoilt."

"Then you won't love Doris," I said with conviction.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because she is certainly spoilt and probably selfish. You won't approve of the way she talks to her father. I'm a lover of children myself, but I wouldn't take on Doris, not if Mr. Carbridge offered me a thousand pounds a year."

The pucker returned into her forehead.

"Well," she said, jumping up, "anyway I'm in for it. I *must* go on."

"If you do," I replied, "you won't stay a month. I've just enough second sight to know that."

"Why?"

"First, because the Carbridges will be prejudiced against you. A ghost, you must remember, is a very necessary article of furniture in a place like Cotesby Manor—and they're not to be had at Naring's. Mr. Carbridge will hate you for having spoilt his best after-dinner story—and he's fond of after-dinner stories. Second, as I've said, you won't like Doris; she has neither refinement, manners, nor imagination, and you'll never teach her anything worth knowing. Third, I am particularly anxious, now more than ever, to paint that portrait. I could have done it from your 'double,' but now I propose to do it from the life. Fourth—"

"You appear," she said with a toss of her curls, "to take a great interest in my affairs, Mr. Denver."

"I do, Miss Urquhart."

"And if I don't accept this situation what am I to do?"

"Go back to your people," I suggested at a venture.

"I have no 'people.' I was at a school until I took to private governessing. I've got an uncle and aunt at Stow, but I don't know them very well. I dare say they'd put me up for a night or two. But, honestly, what do you think? You've seen these people. Are they impossible?"

"Quite," I said with conviction. "The old man's not so bad, but his wife— She tries to cover defects of education by her clothes. And Doris—"

"Could I get to Stow to-day?"

I pulled out my local time-table and glanced at my watch.

"The next train leaves at six-ten. It's now a quarter past three. There'll be nearly three hours to wait. But, what does that matter? It's a perfect day. Let's take a boat on the river?"



We chartered a boat below the bridge, and I rowed up half a mile. Then we pulled in under the shade of some willows. It was an afternoon of blue and gold. Ripples of liquid fire flashed across the water and broke against the boat. The water-meadows dozed, half drowned in misty sunlight.

I made a pencil sketch of her. In fact I made several. But I was not satisfied.

"Sorry," I said, "but I'm not in the mood. I must do you some other time. May I come over to Stow?"

"How quickly you make plans," she said, laughing. "I don't know yet whether my aunt will put me up even for one night. She's nice but a trifle eccentric."

As we drifted downstream I renewed my request. "This thing," I said, "is inevitable. We have drifted into it. Miss Urquhart—Vilna—have you not guessed my secret?"

"No," she said, turning away.

I told her that I loved her. . . . At first she was reserved and relentless, saying that she "knew so little of me."

"I will tell you my whole history," I said desperately, "but it will take time. You will certainly miss the six-ten."

She knows me better now, and whenever I begin to tell her my history she protests.

And soon—soon—soon I am to marry the lady who wasn't there. And if you would like to see her portrait, call at Cotesby Manor, in Lincolnshire, and ask to see the picture of the ghost.

BLINKERS

by
Horace Annesley Vachell

Author of "The Hill," "Quinneys," "Whitewash," etc.

CHAPTER X

The Merrytrees are Thrilled

I

MIRANDA was surprised to find Amos, her father's former assistant, in the shop when she arrived, rather late, on Thursday afternoon. Amos, apparently, was busy and warm. He wiped his honest forehead as he greeted Miranda.

"Well, miss, you do look a treat, I must say."

"Thank you, Amos," replied Miranda demurely. "Are you stocktaking for father?"

She smiled at him, because she had always liked Amos. In his way, he was not cut quite to pattern, having "ideas" of his own. A pervasive self-confidence radiated from his rosy face and plump person.

He said with an odd air of triumph and modesty:

"Oh, no, miss. For why? There ain't enough stock to take count of, see?" Miranda nodded as Amos continued, visibly swelling: "I've come back to your dear father, miss, as a partner kind of?"

"Really? Tell me all about it."

She sat down expectantly. She guessed that her father was giving undivided attention to his new designs. Amos, probably, was at a loose end, "short of a job," as he put it. He could sell *some* papers to Moscombe customers. Probably he would just about earn his salary.

But—a partner!

Amos added proudly:

"I may take over the shop, miss. I can sell stuff, you know that. But I never 'ad a free 'and in the old days. What constitutes a good salesman, miss?"

"You tell me, Amos."

"That's easy, miss." Amos grinned confidentially. He didn't know that Miranda was in "service." Had he known it, he would have been inexpressibly shocked. The few persons in Moscombe who had the honour and privilege of acquaintance with the Issells believed that Miranda was visiting friends in the country. He went on:

"A good salesman is not, miss, one who sells customers what they *don't* want. For why? 'Owver clever he may think 'imself, the time comes, generally speaking, as soon as they get 'ome, when the customers says to themselves: 'We've been 'ad.' So they don't come back. It you'll kindly excuse me, miss, that was—and is—your dear father's way o' doing business. Many a time I've groaned in anguish seeing 'im shoving 'is own be—utiful papers down their ugly throats."

"I quite understand, Amos," murmured Miranda.

"My leetle way is this, miss. Customers ask, o' course, for goods we may not 'ave. This morning a lady wearing furs——"

"In July?"

"Yes, miss. She wanted 'em noticed, see? Well, this lady asked me for a butterfly paper. She fancied butterflies. Blue butterflies, she wanted, on a white ground. I sold her birds. I made 'er believe, I did indeed, miss, that birds was all the go amongst people who could afford furs. She was so pleased with me that she's sending two more customers to-morrow morning to buy birds. I made 'er, if you'll pardon the expression, miss, sit up and 'owl about birds. You couldn't get 'er to buy butterflies, not if it were never so. Now, that's what constitutes my idea of a good salesman."

"You're wonderful, Amos."

"No, miss, but I'm a student of 'uman nature. I've come back to your dear father

on my own terms, strictly fair as between man and man."

"Go on, please. This is very interesting."

"He's at work in the studio, hard at it, night and day. I'm here. He don't interfere with me, and I wouldn't presume to interfere with 'im. He talks, miss, in private with me, of going back to London town as a designer to a big firm. And, if he does, I take on the shop at a fair valuation."

"Yes."

Amos inflated his round chest. He was making a tremendous impression on a young lady whom he regarded with eager eyes. He had cherished (in the old days) what he termed a "pash" for his employer's daughter. She stood far above him. But a man, a man with ideas, could climb—if he had pluck. Amos felt within him the pluck of a steeple-jack.

"You, miss, 'ave a 'ead on your shoulders."

"It is kind of you to say so, Amos."

"Brains, miss, brains. Same 'ere." He tapped a mop of brown hair with more than a tinge of auburn in it. "Now, I put it to you, what is my game 'ere, the sort o' game that a brainy young feller, only thinking of 'imself, might play?"

Miranda politely refused to hazard a conjecture.

"I might," said Amos, almost bursting with accumulated brain gas, "let things drip and drivel on as they 'ave been doing since I left. That policy of masterly inactivity, miss, would redooce the valuation of the business when it come to be valued, see?"

"I see perfectly."

"Am I built that way? No. I'm a Congregationalist, miss, and you're Church of England. But I aim to be 'ave like a bishop. And I aim to make good as well as to be good. That's me. In a month from date, this business will be worth twice what it is to-day. Perhaps more. This is going to be a big holiday season for Moscombe. It's fair busting, miss, with trippers. And they've money, too. I'm going to hang that window, miss, and our shop full o' stuff, bright stuff, stuff that takes the tripper in the eye and gives 'im the hiccups. And I shall sell it." He drew a deep breath. "It's ordered, miss."

"You have chosen the papers, Amos, without submitting the patterns to my father?"

"Yes, miss, that was in the bond. That

is my sheet anchor, miss. You see, I've learnt a bit since I left. I've biggened."

"I admit you have."

"In the shop," continued Amos, "I'm on my own at long last. A month from now, your dear father, bless 'im, won't want to sell out his 'arf interest. For why? 'E'll know by then my worth, and so will you, miss."

"I repeat—you're wonderful."

She nodded gaily and passed into the studio.

II

The Sage kissed her fondly, but regarded her with anxious eyes. The studio was littered with "studies" that might serve to inspire the great design, the prize winner. Miranda wanted to talk about that, but Prospero was thinking about Ferdinand. And he knew that Miranda must have met Ferdinand that afternoon. Otherwise she would have been here two hours earlier. The sparkle in her eyes, the colour in her cheeks, told the tale delightfully. Then she showed him her ring.

"But his parents, child?"

"I have seen them, daddy. Colonel Somervell was ever so nice with me. We had a talk together."

"Um!"

"Why do you look so worried?"

"Because I know, Miranda, how sharp the sword is that impends above your dear little head. When will it fall? When will Colonel Somervell be told?"

"Mr. Purdie is managing everything. Ralph told me this very afternoon that he was a marvel. But I mustn't ask any questions."

"I knew that you had met your lover. If Mrs. Merrytree, or anybody else, finds out?"

She laughed.

"You don't know how careful we are. And it's so—so thrilling, so just right. You met my mother like that, didn't you?"

"Yes; I did."

"So you can't blame me, can you?"

She kissed him, clinging to him.

"I am so happy, daddy; I'm the happiest girl in the world."

"If he can make you happy, that is all I ask."

He turned to his designs. Purdie, it appeared, had done his part. Prospero showed Miranda a proof-sheet of an adver-

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tisement. It was entitled: "Our Unknown Artists." She read as follows:

"Who are our unknown artists? We ask the question because we intend to discover some of them. It is a fact that we have amongst us men whose best work is recognized by the general public, but their names, with rare exceptions, escape notice. Famous painters, musicians, authors, politicians, princes of industry are well known by name and fame. But who built some of the lovely bridges that cross our rivers and streams? How many men in a London club could write down the names of a dozen architects, or even a dozen doctors or barristers? We need not cite other instances. It remains obvious that hundreds of our fellow-countrymen, who deserve well of their country, work in comparative obscurity. This is unfair, ungenerous, and unbusiness-like. We propose to lift a corner of the veil that hides from us our designers of those exquisite chintzes, cretonnes, and wall-papers which delight our eyes and decorate our homes. Unhappily, there is still an immense market for cheap, badly designed stuff. Seeing the better, we often choose the worse. We may choose the better when we learn the names of the designers. At any rate, the credit should go to the designer, not to the firm who absorbs his output. An author, not his publisher, gets credit for a good book. When his fame is established, his books have a wider sale because his name is on the title page. We contend that the sale of the more artistic chintzes and cretonnes would increase by leaps and bounds if they were sold as the work of the artist who designed them. People lacking perhaps in taste would buy such and such a chintz and point it out to their friends as the work of a man admittedly in the first rank. By simple means such as this the standard of taste in chintzes might be measurably raised. In our advertisement columns will be found full particulars of the prizes offered by us to the designers in this kingdom, and the conditions. The first prize is no less than five hundred pounds. We venture to predict that the man or woman who wins that prize will be known hereafter to the general public, with whom we shall confidently leave him—and his fortunes."

Adam Isell carefully folded the paper and put it into his breast pocket. Miranda was much excited.

"You will win it, daddy."

Prospero, the magician, smiled and laughed.

"I have one design that I never sold—my best. I have been tempted to send it up a score of times to my own people."

"What did they pay you for a good design?"

"Ten pounds."

"And you will win five hundred."

"I will show you my design, child. I have never shown it—even to you."

He walked to the Breton *armoire* and took from it a big roll of cartridge paper,

pre-war paper, delightfully thick and the colour of ivory. He unrolled it.

"Oh-h-h!" exclaimed Miranda.

No design can be set forth in words. It is intended to appeal to the eye, and, perhaps, to the memory. To Miranda the appeal was to the eye; but Prospero, when he wrought at it, must have been thinking of those long ago days when he met Miranda's mother in the South Kensington Museum, when together they gazed at masterpieces of form and colour.

"It glows," said Miranda.

She had chosen the right word. Prospero nodded.

"Yes," he said softly, "and I am going to call it, child, 'The Flame Chintz'; for surely flame of love inspired it, love of work for work's sake, love of colour, love of line and curve. Because it warmed my heart. It may warm others. I see it in dreary rooms, in dark corners, and to those who have eyes it will tell its story."

"It's perfectly beautiful."

"It's my best work."

"When did you design it, daddy?"

"Soon after your mother died, when my heart was cold, before you warmed it again. Somehow I couldn't sell it."

He rolled it up reverentially and put it away. Then he showed her his new designs. Miranda stared at them critically.

"They are fine, but nothing like the first."

"They couldn't be."

Presently Miranda talked of Amos, but she withheld what he had said, not wishing to hurt her sire's feelings. Prospero dismissed Amos with a few words:

"Amos came to me. I agreed to what he proposed. He's a good faithful fellow."

"And a salesman."

"And a salesman. He may take on this business. Practically he has taken it on."

"Then you really mean to 'leave Moscombe'?"

"Yes."

"You are going back to your old firm?"

"No."

He remained silent for a moment. Then he said, hesitatingly:

"What I have to tell you, child, is for your ear only. I don't want it mentioned, even to your lover. Mr. Purdie has made me a definite offer. He appears to be a man of inexhaustible energy and resource. You understand that no man of business could pay five hundred pounds for a design, unless he intended to make immense use of it?"

"I suppose not."

"The designs that win prizes will be the property of the prize givers. That is quite fair. Mr. Purdie proposes to print these prize chintzes and advertise them. He hopes to call world-wide attention to them and the designers. Now, whether I win a prize or not, he has asked me to take charge of this printing. I mean the artistic side of the reproduction, which I understand. He has offered me a salary, and with it a slight commission on sales. I have accepted his offer gratefully."

"I should think so."

"We shall live in London, Miranda. I admit to you, child, that what Mr. Purdie is doing for me is something that can't be reckoned with in mere gratitude."

"It's far beyond me, daddy. Why should he help us—me and you?"

"I can only suppose, Miranda, that Mr. Purdie has at heart the welfare of others. He told me, with strange bitterness, that he had been under dog. A clever man helped him. And ever since I venture to guess he may have tried to cancel that debt by helping others. He has helped others, some of them in high places. I don't pretend to understand him. He came to see me about this offer a day or two ago. He was almost rough with me when I thanked him. I believe that he is obsessed by the desire to use his power instead of abusing it. To such a man all things are possible."

"From what Ralph tells me, he has nearly everything. He is rich and likely to be richer; he has many friends; he has health; he knows how to enjoy life."

"He is unmarried, Miranda."

"Yes; that is rather odd." Her eyes softened as she added: "He may find somebody, some day, who will give him the greatest thing of all."

"Amen," said the Sage, solemnly.

III

Miranda had left home at nine. As she crossed the Whitechurch Bridge, a man leaning against the stone parapet mounted a bicycle and joined her. It was Ralph.

"I hate your travelling that last bit of lonely road at night."

"But how did you get away?"

"I managed it; I had to come."

Daylight was failing fast at the end of July, but reasonably sharp eyes would have recognized either of the lovers at a glance.

Miranda, not quite at ease, mentioned this. Ralph laughed at her fears.

"My darling girl, the people who know me are half asleep after dinner; the people who know you are in Moscombe. Besides, we are on the King's highway. If I met one of our own maids, I might ride a mile beside her without exciting gossip. Why, the other morning, I walked half way home from church with our cook, who's a rare good sort. I chaffed her about her new hat before all and sundry."

Miranda accepted the situation. And the road was lonely. So they sped on, engrossed in each other, blissfully reckless of the Goddess of Chance, not always propitious to lovers. Each had forgotten what each knew: that the vicar of Medbery-Hawthorne "sugared" trees for moths.

They walked slowly up the hill.

"We can slip into our sanctuary for five minutes," said the ardent Ralph.

"Not for longer than that," murmured the more cautious Miranda.

Accordingly, at the turn of the road, with none in sight to forbid the alluring excursion, they dived into the tall bracken and disappeared. We need not follow them. What they did and said with fond repetition has been done and said many billions of times. At the end of ten minutes, the pair emerged, embraced, and parted.

A minute later, the vicar, assuredly the most astounded man in his peaceful parish, stepped from under a spreading oak.

He had seen, with feelings more easily imagined than described, Captain Somervell kissing his parlour-maid. He remained for a minute in profound meditation. Then, pulling himself together, he moved towards another tree, although for the moment interest in his beloved hobby had become negligible.

"What," he asked himself, "will Annabella say?"

For several days Mrs. Merrytree had not spoken to him about Mary, for the excellent reason that her husband's attitude towards the daughter of an eccentric nobleman annoyed her. He refused, in fine, to believe the tale. He demanded further evidence. And he should have it when it was forthcoming. She had mentioned to him, incidentally, that Colonel and Mrs. Somervell had called at tea-time. But the real motive animating that visit was not disclosed.

The vicar, meanwhile, as he sugared his trees, wondered what he ought to do. Long

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ago, he had strolled to the conclusion that hasty action, nine times out of ten, defeats itself. As a curate of souls he was prone to think good rather than evil of his fellow creatures. Further, he held Mary to be an innocent girl; he regarded Ralph as a gallant young gentleman.

But the pair had kissed.

He was grievously distressed. These young people had made him a party to a misdemeanour. He could not possibly hold his peace about it. Perhaps—he remained doubtful on the point—a word in season, discreetly spoken, might avert a scandal. It was comforting to reflect that Mrs. Merrytree, not himself, would undertake the task. He spread this ointment upon his lacerated sensibilities. Mary, in any case, must leave them. His wife, surely, would admit that. Granted even that her absurd story were true, conceding, for the sake of a lively argument, that Mary was the daughter of an eccentric peer, could she kiss captains at ten of night in secluded spots in the Forest of Ys? Most certainly not.

He returned home.

IV

Not till he was alone with his wife and snuggled between cool sheets did he find words. When he did find them, they were not the "winged" words of Homer. They seemed to creep and crawl out of an uneasy heart.

"My dear."

"Yes, Alfred?"

"Before you go to sleep I must tell you something very upsetting."

"Dear me! If it has upset you, Alfred, it will be sure to upset me."

"Yes; I feel that I cannot sleep till I have told you. I went out to-night to sugar some trees. I was at work not three hundred yards from this house, when I heard voices. Two young people were pushing bicycles into the bracken. I was about to warn them of my presence with a cough, when I became dumb with astonishment. I recognized Phyllis and Corydon."

"Phyllis and Corydon?"

"Yes; some innocent lovemaking took place almost under my nose. Under ordinary circumstances it might have rejuvenated me. But I felt senile with distress. Prepare yourself for a shock, Annabella. Phyllis was our Mary."

"Impossible!"

"And Corydon was young Somervell."

"I can't believe it."

"But you must."

Eventually, of course she did, grappling with all the issues so disconcertingly raised.

"Alfred," she adjured him, "will you leave this delicate matter to me?"

"If you insist, my dear, I will."

"You are right about one thing. Ralph Somervell is incapable of a base action. You have surprised me, I am going to surprise you. The night before last, Kate, our Kate, rushed unceremoniously into Mary's bedroom. Maids in Kate's station of life don't observe our little decencies and proprieties. She wanted something or other with which I won't bother you. She rushed in; she found Mary in bed; she saw upon Mary's left hand, upon the engaged finger, a magnificent ring—diamonds and a stone that I guessed from Kate's description to be a large turquoise."

"Bless my soul!"

"I thought you would say that. Kate told me. I begged her not to mention the fact to anybody. But, to me, it confirmed that paragraph, and taken with the book-plate—"

"What book-plate?"

The story of the book-plate was duly told. Mrs. Merrytree concluded incisively:

"You must admit, Alfred, that it is almost certain that Providence, acting inscrutably as usual, has sent to us as parlour-maid the daughter of an eccentric nobleman."

"It really looks like it," admitted the vicar.

"You will admit, also, that this ring is conclusive evidence that Mary is engaged to young Somervell."

"Yes; I'll admit that."

"And what have you got to say about it?"

"Nothing, Annabella—absolutely nothing."

"You will allow me to say a few words."

"I am all attention, my dear."

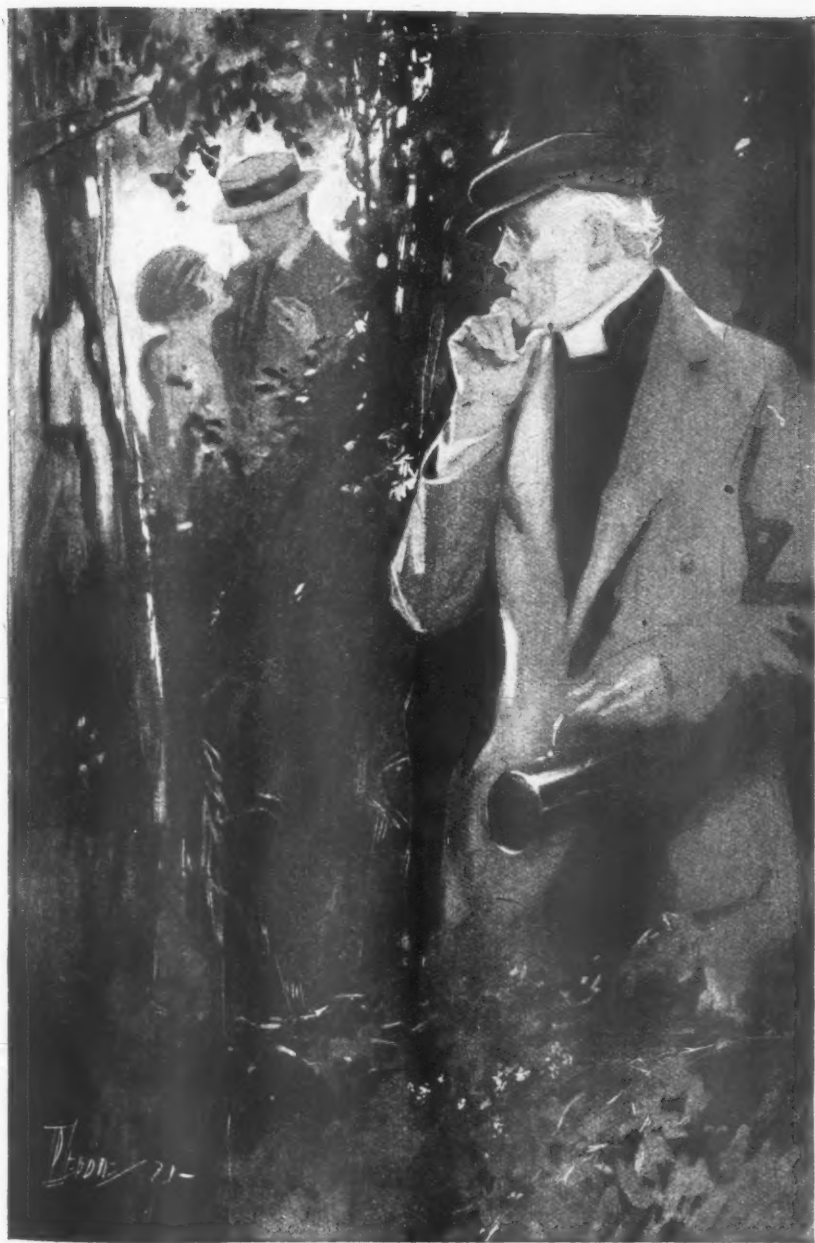
"I say," continued Mrs. Merrytree solemnly, "that this is a match of Heaven's own making, brought about in Heaven's sometimes peculiar way. For us to interfere, without the most careful consideration, would be verging, I feel, upon sacrilege."

"I can't go as far as that."

"Perhaps not. You may have the privilege of assisting our bishop to marry them."

"Aren't we travelling too fast?"

"Possibly. Now, Alfred, as the vicar of this parish you must tell me, your



"He had seen, with feelings more easily imagined than described, Captain Somervell kissing his parlour-maid"—p. 1007

Drawn by
Tom Peckie

THE QUIVER

parishioner as well as your wife, what you deem to be my duty."

The vicar sighed. The case, with all its complexities, seemed to outrage proportion and credibility. But he, like Colonel Somervell, was regretfully aware that many "happenings" since the war had warped judgment of them almost to breaking point. However, directly challenged, he essayed to do his duty. But he felt like a pilot coming into port in a black fog, groping his way by dead reckoning up a narrow, winding channel with mudbanks on each side of it.

"I think, my dear, that our parlour-maid cannot be permitted to meet a young gentleman on the sly. Why there should be this mystery I cannot attempt to explain. I accept it as a mystery to be cleared up in good time. To discharge Mary after breakfast-to-morrow morning might be too drastic. Under the special circumstances, we can hardly do the obvious thing. To speak quietly to her, to ask for an explanation, is not too easy, because if she refused to enlighten us, we must insist upon her leaving at once. In this parish, when I have been called upon to adjust unsatisfactory relations between a man and a maid, I have always tackled the man first. I might speak to young Somervell."

"And if—if he refused to enlighten us?"

"The situation would be painful."

"We will sleep over this, Alfred, if we can. You are upset, and so am I. At the same time I do feel that we two dull old folks are up to our eyes in romance. We never met on the sly."

"No."

"My father was not an eccentric nobleman."

"Fortunately for me he wasn't."

"Surely, Alfred, you are conscious of a thrill?"

"I am conscious, my dear, of being profoundly wide awake, with an unhappy prospect of a restless night."

Nevertheless, Morpheus—or was it Ariel?—took compassion upon these two kind souls. Within half an hour they were soundly asleep.

V

Looking at Mary's face next morning, more thrills coursed up and down Mrs. Merrytree's ample back. She could hardly keep her eyes off the girl at family prayers,

beholding her in white satin and orange blossom kneeling before a bishop, with Alfred, wearing his master's hood, hovering in the background. She might be asked to stand sponsor to Mary's first-born.

Me-an'-Kate walked out of the dining-room; Mary tripped after them, but came back immediately with a tray. The vicar helped himself to bacon; Mrs. Merrytree made the tea. They had sat together like this for more than twenty years with nothing to disturb their peace, nothing, that is to say, which might whirl them out of themselves, transmuting the prose of life into poetry.

Mrs. Merrytree felt whirled out of herself. Ariel may have whispered to her that she had missed something tremendous and amorphous. She wondered vaguely whether she and her husband had missed—youth. Had they been born—old? What was Mary feeling? She looked surprisingly cool and demure, although a faint smile—was it derisive?—flickered about her pretty lips, the lips kissed by Ralph Somervell "on the sly."

She thought of the lovers kissing each other beneath the stars. She wished that once, only once, she could have met her Alfred *au clair de la lune* under the elm trees in the cathedral close of her native town.

"I have made up my mind what to do," she said sadly.

The vicar looked up. He was comfortably aware that his good wife could make up her mind as methodically as she could make her bed, if necessity imposed such a task upon her. And she could make up his mind also. He could appreciate this the more because beneath a somewhat passive and commonplace exterior lurked a mild sense of humour, which often revealed itself startlingly, like a jack-in-the-box. Left entirely to himself, the vicar of Medbery-Hawthorne might have astonished many persons in his parish. He was gratefully aware that his wife "ordered" his mind for him even before she made it up. She, so to speak, flung back the sheets and blankets, and allowed the breeze of common sense to ventilate the coverlets.

"Yes, dear?"

"The situation is impossible."

"If you say so, it must be so."

"I mean by 'impossible' that the presence here of a parlour-maid who wears a diamond and turquoise ring at night must upset the other maids. With the best will in the

work they cannot, and will not, hold their tongues."

"I agree."

"Probably they are chattering at this moment."

"I can imagine more unlikely things."

"At the same time, Alfred, I don't want to ask Kate to do the parlour work in addition to her own duties, and I must consider your comfort. Without speaking to Mary, I can see Mrs. Paxton, who might be able to provide another maid at short notice. Mary must leave us."

"I fear so."

"I come now to a matter of even more serious importance. At whatever cost to my own feelings—and I confess that my sympathies are with the young people—I cannot hush up this romantic affair. The Somervells would be greatly incensed, and with reason, if they discovered later on that I had kept secret from them something which they ought to know. . . ."

She paused, glancing at her husband. He nodded.

"Yes, Annabella, yes; the Somervells ought to know."

"I shall tell them this afternoon."

"You will do what you think best, my dear."

"I shall do as I would be done by. If I had a son, and if he were meeting a maid-servant of the Somervells, whoever she might be, secretly and at night, I should feel aggrieved, cruelly aggrieved, if Mrs. Somervell, a neighbour and a friend, knowing the fact, kept it from me."

"You have stated the case—exhaustively."

"But, I repeat, my sympathies are with the young people."

"And—and so are mine, Annabella."

The vicar took a new-laid egg, chipped it, and relapsed into silence.

CHAPTER XI

The Colonel's Ultimatum

I

UPON the afternoon of this eventful day Colonel and Mrs. Somervell were, as usual, at home. Since the war they rarely ventured beyond the ring fence that encompassed Chorley House and its paddocks. Inside that ring fence they felt reasonably safe; outside it disconcerting things happened. It was a grievance of the colonel's that urchins in Puddenhurst

no longer touched caps to authority; petty tradesmen had adopted a curter manner, and the picturesque high street, straggling down the centre of the once happy village, was filled of an afternoon with noisy trippers vomited out of gaudy char-à-bancs from Moscombe and Avonmouth. The colonel, leisurely descending the familiar slope reflecting mournfully upon changed conditions, would be constrained to hop nimbly out of the way of a motor-bike propelled at excess speed by some unspeakable boulder whose offence was not mitigated by the fact that he carried behind him or beside him some scantily dressed young woman of prepossessing appearance. The colonel's faultless breeches and leggings were bespattered with mud or smothered with dust and his feelings lacerated by raucous laughs.

"I stay at home," he said testily.

Purdie and Ralph had motored to Melchester; Ruth was playing tennis upon a neighbouring lawn. The colonel was pottering about the paddocks wondering what he would get for his hay. Ought he to sell it at once or wait for a better price later on? Such questions had become paramount in his mind. Mrs. Somervell sat sewing in the shade, raising her graceful head now and again to glance at her lord. Time was slipping by, she reflected, and dear Ralph had not yet made up his mind about India, which seemed infinitely remote. Her heart, as has been said, was not of the strongest. At times it fluttered intermittently. One day it would stop. She was not unduly oppressed by this thought. And with ordinary care she might hope to live for many years. Still—India was so far off. And Ralph was an only son. He had come through the dreadful war almost unscathed. To lose him now seemed unfair and unnecessary. The boy's father felt just as she did about that. Why did Ralph hesitate?

The aged butler approached, followed by Mrs. Merrytree. Mrs. Somervell rose, holding out her delicate hand.

"I am so glad to see you."

She wasn't. She wished to be left alone with her thoughts, but her greeting was none the less cordial on that account.

"Please tell the colonel that Mrs. Merrytree is here."

The butler withdrew. Mrs. Somervell indicated the most comfortable of three chairs, and Mrs. Merrytree sank into it.

"A close day, Mrs. Merrytree."

THE QUIVER

"Very."

Politely they exchanged platitudes till the colonel sauntered up, spud-stick in hand. He greeted the visitor handsomely and sincerely. He recognized in her a receiver rather than a transmitter of news. She would listen deferentially to his diatribes and accept his judgments as infallible.

"The hay is all in," he announced; "a fine crop."

"Ah! the vicar is delighted with the increased size of his little stack. You and Mrs. Somervell are alone?"

"We are left alone," said the colonel tartly. This happened to be another grievance. Although he and his wife elected to remain in what their visitor termed "absurd isolation," the colonel complained because his neighbours, of much the same kidney, did as he did.

Mrs. Merrytree paused to "round up" carefully prepared phrases. Possibly she had dramatic instincts. And, hating surprises, she shrank from startling her friends. But back of her mind lay the conviction that her message, when delivered, would not be reckoned disagreeable.

"I want to talk to you about my Mary."

The possessive pronoun seemed to sweeten the name.

"Um! She is leaving you? She can't stick it?"

Mrs. Merrytree frowned. The colonel was outspoken, but she knew that no offence was intended.

"The vicar thinks that her position with us is untenable."

"The vicar is right. The young lady is lucky to have found such a place as yours for her ridiculous experiment, but I knew that, however kind *you* might be, she would leave you."

"You are slightly mistaken, colonel. The vicar is of opinion that we must give Mary notice. For the moment she is quite unaware of our intention. She has expressed no wish to leave; very much the contrary."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. We have made the discovery that Mary is engaged to be married. She wears, at night, a magnificent ring. My housemaid saw it upon the right finger. Yesterday evening, at five minutes to ten, the vicar, who was sugaring trees near the Avonmouth road, saw Mary kissing or being kissed—it makes no difference—by a young gentleman."

"I am not surprised," declared the colonel.

"If I were five-and-twenty years younger, Mrs. Merrytree, I should envy that young gentleman. I am not too old to envy him as it is."

"What things you say, Arthur," murmured Mrs. Somervell.

"I always say what I mean, Bertha."

"You are interrupting Mrs. Merrytree at a most interesting point."

"The vicar," continued Mrs. Merrytree, "was not seen by the young people. He was simply dumb with astonishment. He remained where he was. Mary hurried back to the Vicarage—I expect all my maids to be in at ten—the young gentleman—"

"Returned to Avonmouth," hazarded the colonel.

"No. He took the Puddenhurst road. Can you guess who he is?"

"I haven't a notion. I believe that one or two sprigs of quality are staying in Puddenhurst for the buck-hunting. We begin next Monday."

"He is a sprig of quality, colonel."

"What! the vicar recognized him? This is exciting. You hear, Bertha—the vicar recognized kisser and kissee. Who is he? We're on tenterhooks. Who is he?"

"Your Ralph."

II

Some surprises are so utterly unforeseen that they paralyse minds and bodies. Both the colonel and Mrs. Somervell were thus affected. They didn't speak; they sat still. When the mother grasped the meaning of what was said her first poignant reflection concerned itself with such news reaching her indirectly. In imagination a thousand times at least she had pictured her boy coming to her, kissing her, and whispering the happy truth. That he had not done so became a cruel disappointment. And being a devoted mother she sought instantly to excuse him. Great pressure must have been brought to bear upon Ralph, probably by this mysterious girl whom, to be candid, she had not yet accepted as a paragon. The colonel's enthusiasm had left Mrs. Somervell cold, or, at best, luke-warm. Mary had good looks and good manners. Farther than that she was not prepared to go. Oddly enough, unless we give the credit to intuition, she believed what was so solemnly affirmed by Mrs. Merrytree. *Mary was engaged to Ralph.*

The effect upon the colonel was objective.



"What! The vicar recognized him? Who is he?"

Drawn by
Tom Peddie

He forgot himself entirely for an instant. He beheld the daughter of an eccentric but rich peer dropping a filmy handkerchief which his boy had promptly picked up, returning it to the young lady with his heart inside it. For the moment he was incapable of blaming Ralph. Dashing young fellows dashed into love and matrimony without consulting their sires. Like his wife, he felt positive that pretty Lady M. had imposed secrecy upon an ingenuous youth. And, really, she was too pretty to be scolded about it.

He burst out laughing.

Mrs. Merrytree looked shocked. She was prepared for explosions, not exactly for laughter.

"The rogues!" exclaimed the colonel.

Mrs. Merrytree said gently:

"Dear Colonel Somervell, you take this better than I had dared to hope."

And somehow—we cannot analyse the why and wherefore—her voice and manner conveyed to the colonel high approval and admiration. Obviously, in the estimation of

a good woman, he had surpassed expectation.

"As to that," he said genially, "where could I find a more attractive daughter-in-law?"

"Where, indeed?"

"But I agree with you that Mary cannot remain in your service. She must be sent packing to her ridiculous father. I shall have to be civil to him, I suppose, but the sooner we meet and come to an understanding the better."

Mrs. Merrytree assented, adding:

"I shall say a word to Mary to-night."

The colonel considered this. He was already so fond of Mary that he desired to treat her tenderly. The romantic adventure had gone far enough; at the same time, Mary, little witch, had played her part delightfully, entering into the spirit of the thing. To summon her, to give her notice as if she were really a parlour-maid, jarred upon the colonel's sense of what was fitting.

"You will do as you think fit, but if you consult me——"

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"I do—I do."

"Then I think we might mark time a *leettle* longer. Let me speak to Ralph when he returns from Melchester. I shall extract all the truth out of the boy, because, of course, he knows."

"Yes; he must know."

The colonel rubbed his hands together, warming to the pleasant work ahead.

"I think I see my way. Mary, acting probably under her father's instructions, has played a game upon us. You agree with me, Bertha?"

Mrs. Somervell said slowly:

"I don't take this as lightly as you do, Arthur. An engagement to me is serious. We know nothing of this girl. Her father may be more than eccentric. You hinted as much coming back on Wednesday from Medbery-Hawthorne. I should oppose very strongly our son entering any family, however distinguished, in which there was insanity."

The colonel fumed a little.

"My dear Bertha, why borrow trouble in a world too full of it? Where was I?"

He turned to Mrs. Merrytree.

"You had just observed that Mary had played a game on us."

"Yes, and played it well. Let her go on playing it for a few hours longer till—till we are fully prepared to deal with her. I may be wrong, but I fancy the right person to tell her that the position is untenable is Ralph."

"By all means. I shall certainly have some difficulty in replacing Mary at a minute's notice."

"Quite so. When a horse runs away with me I let him run. When he slows up I make him run farther than he intended. I am tempted to make this sly little puss go on working for you. Then we should have the laugh on her—hay?"

"It's not a laughing matter, Arthur."

The appearance of the aged butler with the tea things imposed a change of conversation. Before Mrs. Merrytree left Chorley House it was understood that time should be marked by her. On the morrow, so the colonel said with many chucklings, Ralph and he might ride over to Medbery-Hawthorne.

"I believe," concluded Ralph's father, "that everything has turned out, or will turn out, for the best."

"I wish I could think so," murmured Mrs. Somervell.

III

When Mrs. Merrytree disappeared down the drive in her pony cart, the colonel, whistling cheerfully, returned to his wife. His had been a happy marriage, and perhaps he was inclined to give himself undue credit for that. He believed—millions of men share his belief—that his Bertha shared his views upon all things that mattered simply because she was too clever to contradict him and too weak, physically, to engage in argument with a man who was incapable of debating any point with detachment. Very early in life the preconceived idea had marked Arthur Somervell as its own. He was, indeed, from the tip of a neat boot to the top of a Lock hat, the preconceived idea of what a colonel, once a guardsman and living with independent means upon his own property, ought to be. Adam Issell would have cited him as a type not a character. He was true to type. That, of course, is much if the type be good. And his type is good. Such men as Colonel Somervell have accomplished great things in the past. Unhappily, so far as the future is concerned, they are likely to remain insensible to change, which is a pity.

Mrs. Somervell, not a type, had realized early in her married life that her husband was a most agreeable companion when he had his own way. Accordingly she let him have it. She recognized in him great qualities; she ignored his defects. One of these defects happened to be an encrusted conviction that the Somervells were entitled, by right divine, to certain privileges and amenities. Every Sunday the colonel thanked God, in a loud voice, for the blessings vouchsafed him, but a cynic might have asked if really he was grateful. Outside the family pew gratitude did not seem exactly to radiate from him. But in his way he expressed a form of it.

"I have had a tolerable innings," he would remark, "and I congratulate myself upon having picked the right time to bat."

As he strolled to his wife he was reflecting complacently that he, not she, had acclaimed Mary at first sight. He was almost overcome by his own perspicacity. Long ago he had decided that his boy would marry the right girl. He would do so because he was a Somervell and his father's son. As his father's son he had captured, lock, stock and barrel, "pretty Lady M."

The colonel glanced at a gold hunting

watch. Ralph and Purdie would be back soon. Purdie, poor fellow, would have to write letters, Ralph and himself could take a stroll together before the dressing-gong sounded.

"Well, my dear, this settles the India question."

"Perhaps."

The colonel, standing above her, even more upright than usual, looked down upon her placid face. At the moment he was thinking that poor Bertha lacked "drive." A strain of "drive" in Ralph's wife would be acceptable.

"Why do you say 'perhaps'? Ralph will now settle down, not too far from us, I hope. I'm looking forward to teaching his youngsters to ride. There are two or three good properties in the market. The boy might take on the hounds."

"You go too fast for me, Arthur."

"What a dear old slow coach it is, to be sure!"

"Why has Ralph kept this from us?"

"I can answer that question, Bertha. Ralph is expecting to give us the pleasantest surprise. But I shall turn the tables on him and surprise him."

"You accept her before you know who she is? That astonishes me. It's—it's so unlike you."

"Unlike me not to know a good thing when I see it? At the first glance I recognized Mary as quality."

"How do you know that her name is Mary? All the parlour-maids at the Vicarage are called Mary. I am feeling very uneasy."

"Why?"

"I can't explain. You are partly the cause of my uneasiness. You make so absolutely sure that things are right."

"I have faith in my Maker," replied the colonel piously.

"Ah! The longer I live, Arthur, the more I realize that God's ways are not entirely Somervell ways."

The colonel stared at her. Rarely, indeed, did his wife stray from his path; when she did so he always stared at her and shook his head.

"The weather is oppressive," he remarked.

"It has affected you, Bertha."

"Perhaps. I think I shall go in and lie down."

He assisted her courteously. Much may be forgiven him because he never failed to please his wife as a *preux chevalier*. He

rose when she entered a room or left it; he accompanied her to her carriage; he presented her with roses; he paid her little compliments. Men who practise such arts are beloved by their womenfolk.

She went to her room.

The colonel walked as far as the stables, not too near the house. Empty stalls and loose boxes afflicted his eye. It brightened as he beheld Ralph's hunter, which whinnied as he approached her. Then he smiled, thinking of full stables, hearing all the delightful sounds once so familiar, the steady chumping of corn, the pawing of impatient hooves upon stones, the rattle of buckets, the occasional squeal.

If the good old times could return—

The daughter of a rich but eccentric nobleman might accomplish such a miracle. Did she ride?

He hoped so, but if she didn't his boy could afford to spend more on his gees. Bertha had given up hunting when the babies came. It made an appreciable difference to him.

A motor-horn tooted.

IV

He left the stables as the car drew up opposite the garage. Purdie descended. Ralph backed the car into its appointed place.

"You here, father?" said Ralph. "You told me you couldn't stick empty stalls."

"They may not be empty this time next year."

Ralph nodded. Obviously his father was considering the possible demise of the head of the family. He knew that such a contingency would not translate his sire to another county. He would consent to take his seat in the Upper House, and then he would return to Chorley.

The colonel observed certain formalities. He asked his guest if he had enjoyed his visit to Melchester and listened politely to Purdie's caustic comments upon a town that lay fast asleep beneath the most glorious spire in the kingdom. As he expected, Purdie hurried away to write his letters. Father and son were alone.

"Come into the paddocks, my boy."

"With pleasure."

"I am looking forward to a quiet talk with you."

They strolled in silence through the gar-

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den, across a sunk fence, and into the first paddock. Here and there were fine trees which gave the field a park-like appearance. A profiteer, buying Chorley House, would consider possibly the propriety of re-christening the domain. It was called by the villagers The Park. Under a Spanish chestnut was a seat. Upon this Colonel Somervell sat, making room beside him for his son. From this seat no house nor cottage was visible except Chorley House. The forest surrounded these fields. The forest, by Act of Parliament, was sacrosanct.

A cool breeze, bearing the fragrance of new-mown hay, now tempered the too sultry heat of the afternoon. In the next paddock the colonel's Jerseys were grazing. Even in war-time there had been cream for the colonel's tea and no real shortage of butter.

"Jolly, isn't it?" said Ralph.

He suspected nothing from his sire's rather protracted silence. And he perceived that the colonel was in a good temper.

"Yes, it's England. I hate to leave England, because I can't find all this"—he waved his hand—"anywhere else."

"I suppose not."

"Your mother and I were talking this afternoon of India. You must make up your mind definitely about that within a few days."

"Yes."

"Well, what about it?"

"I don't want to go to India."

"Why should you go?"

"I might have to go."

The colonel had mentioned India because he wished to give his boy a chance. He hoped that Ralph would tell his story without undue pressure. Little did he guess that pressure had been applied to his son and heir by Purdie. Coming back from Melchester Purdie had said curtly: "Your father is ripe for your confession. He will never be riper. He can't think better of Miranda than he does at this minute. He has committed himself irrevocably."

Such words from such a man were impressive. And yet Ralph had temporized. He was happy, Miranda was happy. Why not slide along smoothly upon lines of least resistance for a wee bittie? But Purdie had not been sympathetic. He had spoken almost brutally. "You are sliding away from the right opportunity, an indication of weakness. Go for your father at once. Ariel has been kind to us. Exactly what I wanted has come to pass, much quicker than I antici-

pated. Your father believes that he has detected in a parlour-maid all the qualities that he demands in your wife. Strike!"

The colonel said testily:

"What do you mean, Ralph, by having to go?"

"One gets higher pay in India." Pausing for an instant he added nervously, "If—if you cut off my allowance I could live in India on my pay."

"Cut off your allowance! What to goodness are you talking about?"

"Such things have happened, father. I—I might want to—to marry somebody whom you didn't like."

The colonel was at the end of his tether. Ralph's hesitations and nervousness exasperated him.

"You want to marry—somebody?"

"Yes, I do."

"Not Alice Apperton?"

"Not Alice Apperton."

The colonel's voice softened. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

"Tell me all about it, my boy. You have fallen in love, what?"

"I have."

"With—with anybody I know?"

"You have met her; you liked her, but I hardly dare tell you who she is."

"Don't be a silly fool! If I liked her that ought to make things easier. Come!"

"She is Mrs. Merrytree's parlour-maid."

The colonel rocked with laughter. Ralph said, in his best military manner:

"This amuses you, sir."

"Because you thought that you would spring this as a surprise on me."

"Isn't it a surprise?"

"Not a bit of it. Mrs. Merrytree sprung the surprise this afternoon. You were caught, my boy, caught! The vicar nabbed you. What did you fork out for that ring?"

Stupefied, Ralph gazed at his chuckling sire. Suddenly he felt his hand grasped firmly; he heard his father's voice warmly affectionate.

"I congratulate you with all my heart."

Ralph recovered himself.

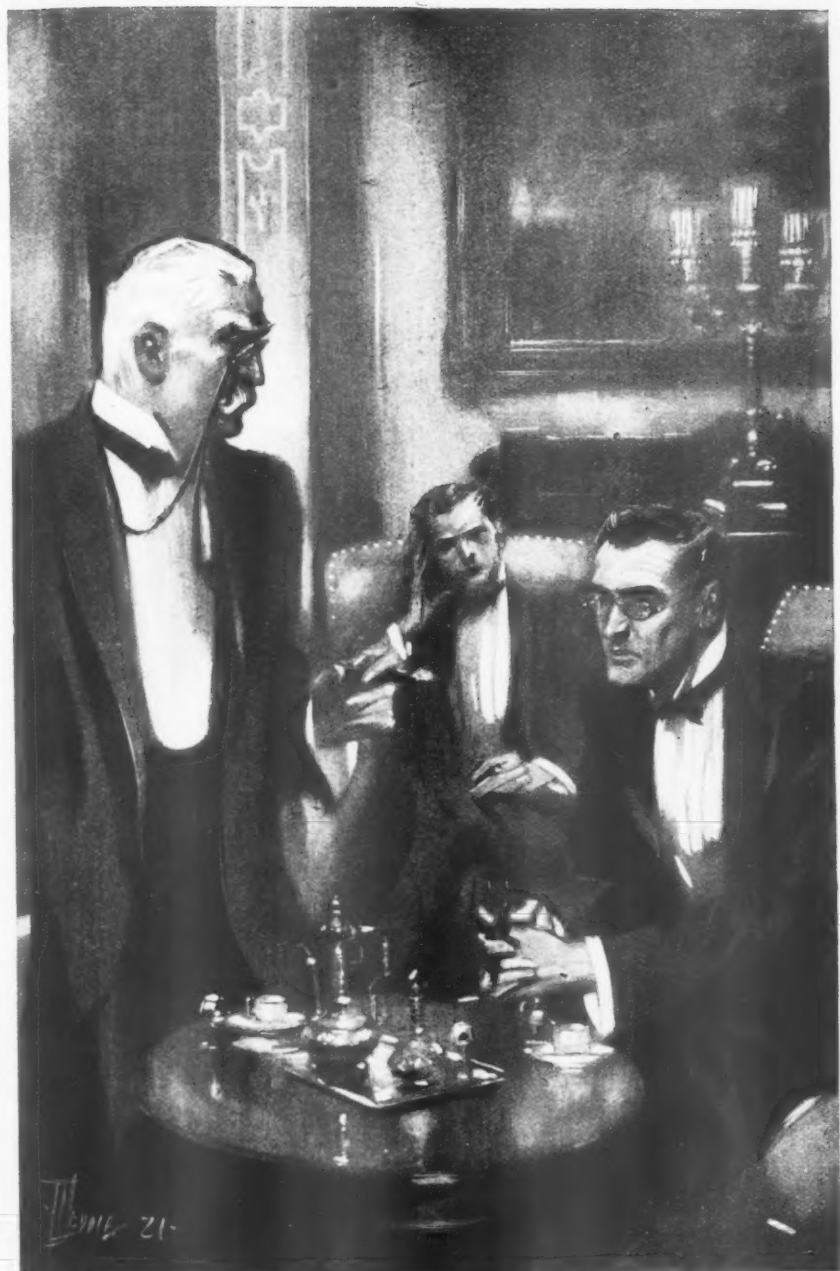
"You think her a darling?"

"I prefer your own word—a wonder."

"You say we were nabbed—by the vicar?"

The colonel explained, cutting short the story. He ended triumphantly:

"I spotted her in a jiffy as quality. But she remains to me a pretty mystery. But you must know who she is."



"He stood up, very erect. 'Let Ralph think things over. He is wise to hold his tongue till he has done so' "—p. 1021

Drawn by
Tam Pedlar

THE QUIVER

"Yes, I know."

"I take it that you met her before she became a parlour-maid."

"I did."

"Perhaps you protested."

"Yes."

"She has an eccentric father?"

"You might call him that. I don't. He's a wonder, too."

"For heaven's sake, uncork yourself! Who is he?"

"Adam Issell."

The colonel's memory had become treacherous in regard to matters of importance, but it retained trifles. He remembered Adam Issell, the designer of papers. Under the paralysing shock of discovering that Mary's father was not a nobleman, the name of Issell flared out, even as the bull's-eye lantern of a constable may shine dazzlingly in the eyes of an inebriated foot-passenger.

"You tell me that Mrs. Merrytree's parlour-maid is the daughter of Adam Issell, who designs wall-papers at Moscombe?"

"Yes."

The colonel's voice became icy.

"I want more exact information about Mr. Adam Issell."

Stung by his father's tone, Ralph delivered a blow over the heart.

"He keeps a small shop in Moscombe. He is a painter and decorator, a petty tradesman, not—not prosperous. Apart from that he's an artist—a genius. And his daughter has, as you say, quality."

"You want to marry the daughter of a petty tradesman."

"I want to marry the sweetest girl in the world."

V

Ralph waited for an explosion. His father, he decided, must let off steam. Then he would simmer a bit; in the end—after what he had said about Miranda—he would calm down and listen to the voice of reason. Purdie would tackle him. His father was no match for old Miles. These thoughts percolated through his mind as he waited for the explosion which seemed to be strangely delayed. The colonel stared at the pleasant landscape for a moment. Then he got up.

"I am going to your mother," he said quietly. "We shall meet at dinner, Ralph,

and your friend will be there. Does he know about this?"

"Yes; I told him."

"Um!"

Ralph muttered deprecatingly:

"I'm afraid this has shaken you up, father."

"Shaken me up?" the colonel's voice trembled. "I—I simply don't know where I am."

He stumped towards the house, walking heavily, doggedly, as if progress were a pain to him. Ralph lit a cigarette and remained where he was. Some process of disintegration began to work within him. For example, he realized that the bubble of romance, so iridescent, reflecting, like a concave mirror, the colour and movement of life, had been pricked. Being a true Somervell, he thought to himself ruefully: "I'm not sure that old Miles has not made a mess of this." He had never seen his father so quiet under provocation. He was behaving as if he were stunned.

Ralph's imagination, not particularly vivid, failed to carry him much afield on a path overhung by brambles. However, he pushed on in fancy, till he reached his mother's room. What would she say? Could he count on her sympathy? Would she be stunned?

It occurred to him presently that Purdie might illuminate his darkness. He still believed that Purdie's dominating personality must prevail. At any rate, he owed it to his friend to prepare him for a dinner that must be eaten without much appetite. He finished his cigarette and returned to the house.

Purdie was stamping the last envelope when Ralph entered the smoking room.

"You have told your father," said Purdie.

"How on earth do you know?"

"It's written in indelible ink upon your ingenuous countenance. He said nothing, of course."

"It beats me how you get at your facts, Miles. Yes, he said nothing; he is with mother at this moment. I didn't surprise him; he surprised me. Old Merrytree, confound him! caught me kissing Miranda and blabbed. Somehow they know that I gave Miranda a ring."

"I was counting on all this," said Purdie. "Everything has turned out 'according to plan.'"

Ralph felt dizzy. He sat down, almost gaping at his omniscient friend.

VI

"You—you wanted me to be caught?"

"Certainly. I admit that Ariel seems to have worked hand in hand with me."

"I expected father to—to bust."

"He may—later. He will assuredly if he discovers that I inspired that paragraph in *The Prattler*. There will be another in this week's issue flatly contradicting it. But mum's the word."

"I should think so. Perhaps you will tell me that everything has turned out not only according to plan, but as you wished it?"

"Yes. The objective has been reached. Your father has accepted Miranda as she really is. He has admitted to us that she is quality. How, I ask you, can he stultify himself by repudiating his own judgments?"

"Father is—father. When I got into debt, before the war, soon after joining, he was furious; but he paid up. I should feel happier now, if he had stormed a bit. He asked if you knew, and I said you did. He grunted, another bad sign. I'm afraid, Miles, you won't enjoy your dinner."

"Don't worry about that! I shall." His voice became sharper, as he added: "I shall attempt to deal with the colonel faithfully, but you must stand by. If you weaken, we are done."

"Why should I weaken?"

"You are a Somervell."

Ralph betrayed slight annoyance.

"The Somervells are not weak," he declared.

Purdie grinned at him. It seemed to the younger man that his friend was actually enjoying an abominable situation, sucking satisfaction out of the troubles and perplexities of an ancient family. Purdie may have guessed this. He laid a strong hand on Ralph's shoulder.

"I'm not an easy man to follow across my own line of country. What I mean is briefly this. Fetter strength and it becomes weakness. All you Somervells are fettered by family traditions and prejudices."

"I'm not."

"That remains to be seen. If you are strong, you will win through. I tell you this, a strong man knows his own weakness and guards against it. A weak man knows perhaps where he is strong, and forgets that he is weak. In a gymnasium I have seen fellows exercising over-developed biceps and triceps, when they should be giving attention to weak underpinning. I'm off to have a cold bath."

He laughed again and left the room.

Mrs. Somervell did not appear at dinner. Ruth took her place. The colonel did the honours as usual. Even Purdie, a hyper-critic, admired his self-possession. The Old Guard, of course, went into action with colours flying and trumpets blaring. The talk centred upon hunting and the increased cost of sport. Ralph said little; Purdie interpolated a few questions, enough to keep his host "going strong." After Ruth had left the dining-room, the men didn't remain there for long. The colonel proposed that coffee should be drunk in the smoking-room. Ralph assented, smiling inwardly. He guessed that his sire meant to "have it out" before Purdie. He couldn't help admiring Somervell pluck. Obviously two-to-one odds failed to dismay the veteran.

Three cigars were lighted before the colonel fired the first shot.

"I have been had," said the master of Chorley House.

It was a magnificent opening. Purdie blinked. Subordinates in his office had noticed a trick of the journalist's, a significant trick, which had become habitual. When Miles Purdie was "fairly up against it," he would remove his spectacles, wipe them carefully, and put them on again. He did so now. The colonel continued:

"I am going to speak frankly before your friend, Ralph, because you took him into your confidence first, a confidence you withheld from your mother and me."

The colonel had prepared this sentence in his dressing-room. He delivered it sonorously.

"That's all right, father."

"I don't think so, nor does your mother. But we must take things as we find 'em. She is much upset. I prevailed upon her to go to bed. I repeat I have been had."

"In what way, father?"

"Mrs. Merrytree," said the colonel solemnly, "came to me with a cock-and-bull story about her parlour-maid being the daughter of a nobleman, and she asked for my advice, which is always at the service of an old friend. There was a paragraph in some rag or other. But what bowled me over was a book-plate surmounted by a coronet in some volume of verse found by Mrs. Merrytree in the girl's room. The volume disappeared."

"I have it, father."

"You have it?"

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"Miranda gave it to me."

"Miranda?"

"That is her name, which describes her to a 't.'"

"No matter."

"If you had seen the book-plate, father, you would have soon found out that the escutcheon belongs to an impoverished baron who has no children. I looked it out. Miranda's father bought the book at a second-hand bookshop and gave it to Miranda when she was fourteen."

"A most extraordinary coincidence! Anyway, the romantic story appealed to me. There's no fool like an old fool. To cut it short, I was beguiled into delivering judgment upon a young woman, a very attractive young woman, when I was not in possession of all the facts concerning her."

"You admit that you cottoned to her?"

The young man's voice was querulous. He had not anticipated admissions; he had supposed that his father would defend an outspoken opinion; he had forgotten something that he ought to have known. His father, however reactionary, detested lying. He prided himself on telling the truth, however unpalatable it might be to others. In this case the truth was horribly unpalatable to himself. It was humiliating to reflect that he had been had, but that was the overmastering conclusion, the first and last conclusion not to be evaded by an honest man. Alone with his wife, before she had time to speak, he had exclaimed: "I'm done crisp as a biscuit."

"I admit that I made a fool of myself."

Ralph cast a hunted glance at Purdie, who, certainly, was not enjoying his cigar. The colonel was clever enough to interpret that glance. He said stiffly:

"It's not pleasant to admit as much in the presence of your friend. Have you asked him to defend you?"

Ralph wriggled.

"I can defend him," said Purdie.

"Pray do! I draw the unflattering inference that my son is incapable of defending himself."

"Let us say rather," continued Purdie, "that he is too distressed at the pain he has inflicted on you to plead his case calmly and to the best advantage. And I, as your guest, sensible of the kindness and hospitality you have shown me, am hampered as his advocate."

Not to be outdone in courtesy, the colonel inclined his head, saying blandly:

"My son is fortunate in having so clever an advocate. I will listen to whatever you have to say."

Purdie puffed at his cigar, slowly marshalling his wits. The colonel, he reflected, was a formidable antagonist. He had marched into the open, disdaining trench warfare and "dugouts." Had he sheltered himself behind his own words, Purdie's task would have been easy.

"Is it necessary, colonel, that your son's wife should bring money into the family?"

"Money is always handy," growled the colonel, "but we could worry along without that."

"Thank you. You would expect good health, intelligence, a sweet disposition?" The colonel nodded. "Miranda Isell has these great gifts. She is well educated, able to take her place and keep it in any society."

"Possibly."

"Then it really comes to this. You object to her as a putative daughter-in-law merely because her father is a tradesman?"

"I do," replied the colonel trenchantly. "As the daughter of a tradesman I refuse to consider her as a possible daughter-in-law."

"Some of our peers began life as tradesmen."

"Adam Isell of Moscombe is not a peer."

"Then Adam Isell is actually the stumbling-block?"

"He is."

"You have not yet met him?"

"No."

"He is no ordinary man. I believe that he will take his right place as an artist before long. He intends to leave Moscombe."

"Mr. Isell's plans don't interest me. Did you encourage Ralph to make love to his daughter?"

Fortunately, Purdie was able to reply promptly:

"Your son was engaged to Miranda Isell before I met her."

"Do you defend his falling in love with a young woman not in his own rank in life, and keeping his engagement to her a secret from his parents?"

"Love imposes itself, sir. Miranda Isell captivated Ralph as she captivated you—and me. Ralph wanted you to meet her. He was certain you would recognize her quality. And you did—instantly. If you met her father, you would recognize his quality. I urge you to meet him."



"'You are on the fence. Come off it! You must advance boldly or retreat'"—p. 1025

*Drawn by
Tom Peddie*

"And I refuse to do so."

"You regard his trade as a stigma?"

"Nothing of the sort. I oppose this marriage; I shall use every means in my power to prevent it, because I know myself and my son. Passion, a passing phase, has swept him off his feet. I make allowance for that. I believe—and my wife shares that belief—that only unhappiness could come from such a match. The Somervells don't marry out of their class. I am considering this unfortunate affair from every point of view. I can speak, I know, for the head of my family. His large property is unentailed. He would not leave it to my son if he married this girl. In short, I conceive it to be my duty to say that such a marriage would cut off my son from all of us. I bring great pressure to bear upon him in his interests. And—there is nothing more to be said."

"You refuse to consider the girl?" asked Purdie after a moment's pause.

"Why should I consider her?"

"This story may leak out. If it ends in marriage, gossip is silenced; if it doesn't, Miranda Issell's good name is imperilled."

"That is not my affair, Purdie."

He stood up, very erect.

"I will say good night. Let Ralph think things over. He is wise to hold his tongue till he has done so. I shall go to my wife."

He went out, and the door slammed significantly behind him.

CHAPTER XII Purdie Plays Proxy

I

AS soon as the colonel had left the room Ralph strode up and down awhile, then took his seat again. Purdie

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threw away his half-finished cigar and began to load his pipe.

The colonel had defeated him in the first round. His antagonist was other than what he had supposed him to be. He glanced at Ralph, curled up in a big armchair. Had he been mistaken in him? He said quietly:

"Pace kills. We have—all of us—travelled too fast. But can we slow up now?"

"I feel down and out. Father is simply impossible."

"Not at all."

"I can tell you this, Miles. He means what he says."

"He means what he says—at the moment. He meant all that he said about Miranda. Conditions change his point of view. That is indisputable. He is a slave to conditions and traditions. Apparently he nails his flag to this mast—the Somervells have never married out of their class."

"It's time they did."

"I'm beginning to think so."

Ralph sat up.

"You mean——?"

"It is up to you to change the Somervell tradition. Are you man enough to do it?"

"You advise me to defy my father? To marry Miranda against his consent?"

"It is what I should do myself. It has already occurred to you. She is worth fighting for. I don't think she is to be won peacefully. I have never won anything worth having—peacefully. When you proposed to Miranda you expected to fight hard. Are you of the same mind to-night?"

"I am not myself to-night."

"But you ought to be. I can't size up any man thoroughly till I find him face to face with an emergency. In moments of danger we become our real selves. We rise to our full stature, or fall cubits below it. That is why war brings out the best and worst in a man. He hasn't time to think; he acts. Your father has acted according to his lights. I misread him. I believed that he would temporize. If he hesitated he would be lost in a sea of his own words. But he repudiates his judgments and instincts. He acts—blindly, reverting to type. He becomes the Roman father, the Lucius Junius Brutus, trampling underfoot everybody who differs from him. Violence masquerades as strength. I see him clearly, but I don't quite see you."

"I don't see myself; I wish I could," answered Ralph.

Purdie looked grim. He had misread the father and son. At this moment, of the two he had the greater respect for the father. But he felt pity for Ralph, as he wriggled before him, a worm on the hook of destiny. Something told a man of immense experience that this nice boy would not rise to his full stature. Already he was shrinking. Purdie was in no mood to throw stones at him. He remained silent, thinking of Miranda.

Unless he had misread her, she, too, would act promptly and resolutely. He recalled her eyes and chin. The eyes might fill with bitter tears; the chin would keep its angle.

Purdie dismissed from his thought the girl and gave undivided attention to the man.

"What are you going to do to-morrow, Ralph?"

"I don't know, Miles. What can I do? My mother, you know, has a weak heart."

"I would sooner have that than a weak head. You have been caught kissing the parlour-maid at Medbury-Hawthorne. That doesn't interest your father, but you can't kiss and kiss again without ructions at the Vicarage. What are you going to say to Mrs. Merrytree?"

"I must go to bed and think about that."

"Right!"

"You're not very sympathetic."

"Perhaps sympathy is not my strong suit. You can think from now till doomsday, but I was not joking when I told your father that Miranda Isell's good name is imperilled. I have been thinking for you as hard as I have ever thought in my life, and I tell you this as my conviction: if you want Miranda to wear that ring you gave her you must slip a less expensive one under it. If you don't the precious symbol will be returned to you, and soon, unless I am utterly mistaken in the young lady."

"Why can't we wait a little? I may get mother on my side."

"Honestly, Ralph, is that likely?"

"N—no, but I shall have a shot at it."

"I rather fancy your father queered your pitch a bit by his praise of Miranda. If I want a woman to like another woman I abuse her cautiously. Then they stick up for each other. And your mother has chosen Miss Alice Apperton for you."

"I'm in a hole," said Ralph dejectedly. "And I haven't touched bottom yet."

That was Purdie's opinion, but he didn't say so.

II

The young fellow saw his mother next day after breakfast. He found Mrs. Somervell lying upon a sofa in her own room, looking even frailer than usual. It struck him, as he kissed her, that she was like her room. Upon the walls were many water-colour drawings faded in tint. The chintz curtains and chair coverings were faded also. Practically, the room had not been touched since she came to Chorley House as a bride. And, as a bride, she had selected delicate colours, soft greys and pale pinks.

She regarded him anxiously.

"Dear Ralph, I am so unhappy about this."

"I know, mother. And we might be so happy, all of us, if only father would climb down his absurd pole."

"But he won't—he won't."

"Tell me, dear, what you think about it."

She answered steadily:

"I don't think that such a marriage would make for your happiness or hers. But then I can't jump barriers. I have respected barriers all my life, Ralph. In a real sense they have made my life easy and pleasant. Perhaps our lives are not intended to be easy and pleasant. I don't know. My ignorance about so much perplexes me. I suppose I never enjoyed liberty of thought; the wings of my imagination were clipped when I was a child."

He was sitting beside her. He took her hand and caressed it tenderly.

"I can jump barriers, mother!"

"Ah! Our colts used to jump out of the paddocks, but they jumped back in again. They were stable-bred. You and Ruth are like that. It has been a great joy to me that my children loved their home. I can't see you outside the barriers. I can see Mr. Purdie. He is self-dependent. I admire him. But what is meat to him might be poison to you."

He said impatiently:

"You mean, mother, that you side with father against me?"

"I am too tired, Ralph, to side even with your father against you, or with you against him. I'm afraid, dear, you have a very feeble mother. I can only pray that things may come right."

She closed her eyes.

He kissed her as he released her hand. She had impressed him. But he dared not say more. He lingered on for a few

minutes, talking perfunctorily, trying, indeed, to escape from his own thoughts, wondering if the woman who had borne him knew him better than he knew himself. Presently he left her. As he was descending the stairs he met his father coming up, and paused awkwardly.

"I have just seen mother," he said. "She looks very frail."

The colonel replied savagely:

"This is enough to kill her; the sooner you realize that the better."

Ralph found Purdie in the smoking-room hard at work, with sheets of script littered about him. In a couple of days his friend would leave Chorley House. He was not likely to return as Colonel Somervell's guest. Purdie looked up interrogatively; his hair was tousled and his spectacles awry. He wore a shabby coat, ink-stained, very frayed at the sleeves. His general appearance suggested to Ralph a buccancer of the pen. To accentuate this impression the journalist flaunted a red tie.

"Anything doing?" he asked.

"Mother is on the fence, Miles."

Purdie flung down his pen, jumped up, shook himself, and nodded his massive head.

"On the fence, is she?"

"Simply because she is not strong enough to take sides. Father thinks this may kill her."

"Told you so, eh?"

"Not a minute ago."

Purdie muttered something about boom-rangs, and began to pace the room. In his opinion the colonel was using unwarrantable pressure. Anyway, the fact that Mrs. Somervell was "on the fence" set him thinking furiously. But he had to admit comparative ignorance of gentlewomen of her ultra-refined type. On general principles he believed that the women whom he knew best sided with the top dog; they bowed their heads before a winner; they surrendered unconditionally to a conqueror—a primitive instinct. But Mrs. Somervell was not primitive. Probably her sympathies would lie with the under dog. He pulled up in front of Ralph.

"Is your mother really ill?"

Ralph answered the question at length. The Puddenhurst doctor was a pal of his, who played golf. Ralph, it appeared, had taken several half-crowns off him, and a considered opinion upon Mrs. Somervell's health. She was not suffering from any organic disease. Her mother, who was still

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alive, spent many hours on a sofa. Both mother and daughter took any form of trouble lying down. At such times important visitors were denied access to the invalids. They enjoyed the conversation of intimate friends only. After a day or two, they arose refreshed, quite capable of dealing with servants who had essayed a rest cure on their own account. Really it came to this: all her life Mrs. Somervell had been the victim of anæmia, due probably to an imperfect digestion. She had observed certain dietary rules since she was fourteen.

"Beastly hard luck on her," concluded Ralph, "but there it is."

"Beastly hard luck on you," thought Purdie. He was wondering whether physical weakness in the mother might be reproduced mentally in the offspring. Ralph was a fine specimen physically, extraordinarily like his sire, but, mentally, he took to a sofa when trouble impended. At such moments, apparently, he relied on others to do his thinking.

Purdie asked an irrelevant question:

"I say, Ralph, what do you do when you lose hounds in the Forest?"

Ralph answered quickly:

"As a rule I go home. I hate a stern chase. If I can't stick at the top of the hunt, I chuck it. But what a rummy thing to ask me."

"You aren't quite at the top of this hunt, are you? Do you propose to chuck it?"

"No."

"Have you made up your mind what to do?"

"I shall have to write a long letter to Miranda. I agree with you about the darling's good name. I must keep away from the Vicarage, but I can see her next Thursday. Between then and now something may happen."

"I think that is likely," said Purdie drily.

"I don't mean that father will climb down. He won't. Mother says so. She knows him. He never does climb down, never!"

"But he does. He climbed down yesterday about Miranda. I positively admired his agility. History may repeat itself."

"I wish you would speak plainly."

Purdie shrugged his broad shoulders, and thrust out an uncompromising jaw.

"You force me to assume a serious responsibility. You are asking me to think and act—and act—for you."

"You're a dashed sight cleverer than I

am. I have enormous faith in you, Miles. You know that."

"Right! I accept this responsibility. I base my advice to you on two facts: Your mother is on the fence. She represents a *vis inertia* which, ultimately, will weigh down the scales. That is fact one. Fact two is this: your father reverses his considered judgments when conditions change. Most of us do. Let's hark back to the Preconceived Idea. I formed a wrong judgment on insufficient data. The data are still insufficient, but this time my judgment may be right. Your father cherishes the preconceived idea that no Somervell marries out of his class. If a Somervell did marry out of his class, he would, I believe, accept changed conditions, because, instinctively, he has recognized Miranda for what she is. If she became a Somervell that instinct would gradually assert itself again. Everybody who met Miranda as Mrs. Somervell would be on your side. Public opinion is, in the end, irresistible. Your mother would fall off the fence because she loves you. Your father would climb down because you are an only son. It is conceivable that you might do without them; it is hardly conceivable, from my knowledge of them, that they could do without you. In fine, if I were in your place—and, by heaven! I wish I were—I should see Miranda at once, persuade her to marry you, buy a special licence, and put to sea in the very teeth of the storm. Delay, and wind and tide will pile you up on the rocks!"

He spoke with extraordinary energy and vehemence. And, as he spoke, he beheld himself in Ralph's place. He had an enchanting vision of Miranda as his own wife. The vision faded instantly, but a glimpse of paradise had been vouchsafed him.

Ralph lay back in his chair, stretching out his long legs, mentally almost derelict on the rocks already, of compromise and irresolution. Purdie stirred him to his marrow, but his marrow was anæmic.

"Miranda might not consent to that."

"That is possible. But you would have established yourself with her. She would know, beyond all doubt, that you wanted her, that you were ready to face all odds for her sake. She adores her father. She might well refuse to marry you without his sanction. If I know him, he will consent. And I will take it upon myself to secure his consent."

Ralph wriggled. Purdie stared at the

unhappy lover, trying to read him accurately. Was he, the stronger, dominating a friend against that friend's will, hypnotizing him, forcing action upon inaction? Even he shrank from that responsibility. Another consideration obtruded itself. He was the guest of the colonel. Behind his host's back he was urging his host's son to flout his father's wishes. He said hastily:

"I must leave this house this morning."

Ralph jumped up, galvanized into activity of mind and body.

"Leave me?"

"I had forgotten that I was your father's guest."

All the fire had gone out of his voice. And he felt strangely inert. Reaction had set in. Why had he come down here? Why had he bogged himself in this quagmire of futility, indecision, and vacillation?

Ralph's pleasant tones fell upon his ears:

"So had I, Miles. Perhaps you are right."

"I know that I am right about that," growled Purdie. He had become angry with himself and angry with Ralph. "If I am summoned to town your father will speed me on my way very civilly. I'll send a wire to myself from Puddenhurst—at once."

He turned to leave the room.

"Hold hard, Miles! Are you feeling sick with me?"

"I am sorry that I meddled in this affair."

"But—if—if I do what you suggest—?"

Purdie was arrested. He blinked at Ralph, whose tones lacked virility, but who stood before him reassuringly erect.

"Let's scrap suggestions," he replied roughly. "You are on the fence, beside your mother. Come off it! You must advance boldly or retreat. Which is it?"

"I want Miranda," said Ralph.

"She outweighs everything?" asked Purdie.

"Yes; I shall advance."

"Then I'm your man, and I'll back you through thick and thin."

He held out his hand, which Ralph grasped. Purdie felt himself clutched. And the appeal of weakness to strength became irresistible. It flashed into Purdie's mind that Miranda might be susceptible to the same emotion.

Ralph, however, spoke more firmly.

"Father told me this morning, before breakfast, that he had intended to see Mrs. Merrytree. She is expecting him. But he won't go. Somebody must see her. Will you?"

"If necessary; but why not go yourself?"

"The fact is I promised father this morning that I would keep away from the Vicarage for a few days. It wasn't much to ask of me, was it? And I—I promised."

"I see."

"It smoothed him down a bit, old chap."

"What am I to say to Mrs. Merrytree?"

At once Ralph became voluble, having devoted much thought to what was really a side issue. Mrs. Merrytree must be told the truth about Miranda's parentage and her reasons for going into service. Being a good sort she would hold her tongue. She must be told that an ardent lover would respect the conventions that hedge a vicarage. Upon the following Thursday Ferdinand would meet Miranda in Prospero's studio. Everything could be arranged then. Miranda, meanwhile, would receive a letter.

Purdie listened, not entirely convinced. But he realized that the speaker was hampered by his promise to his father. He agreed to see Mrs. Merrytree. But he stuck to his resolution to leave Chorley House that morning.

(To be concluded)



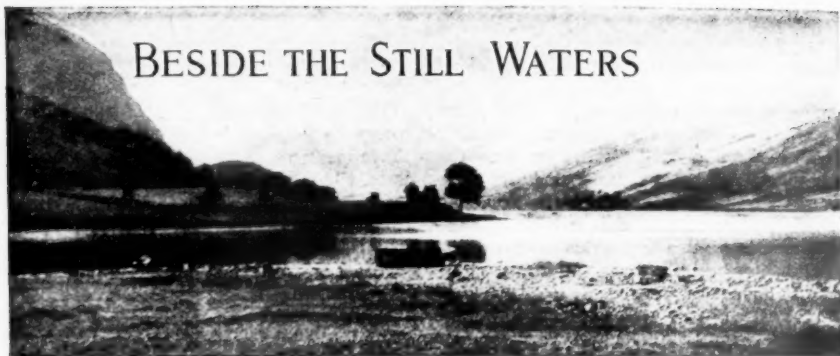
STORIES FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

The September *LITTLE FOLKS* is full of good things for boys and girls.

Among the stories are, "The Gentleman in Purple," by D. H. Parry;

"Pridgin's Cool Idea," by H. E. D. Pocock; "Puss in Goal," by Eveline

M. Williams; and "Billy Lone Scout," by Nancy M. Hayes



BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

THE HIGHER AND THE LOWER

By the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.

EVERY high proposal for human beings sets out with the conviction that it will succeed. This confidence in the power of an ideal to overcome the opposition of indolence and convention and prejudice may seem very naïve and "foolish" to superficial people. But the fact is, such confidence is not so simple and not so forlorn as it looks. It rests really upon a very firm and ancient foundation, a foundation in the soul itself which is likely to outlast all the clever and jaunty certainties of our day. The foundation on which every high proposal for mankind bases itself is simply this, that, explain them as you may and derive them as you will, there are two voices within each of us, no matter what be our moral or æsthetic level. There is a higher and there is a lower; and even when the lower has been long indulged and seems to have become the fixed habit of a life, the higher has an altogether extraordinary and incalculable tendency now and then to break out like a flame. Any fine approach or overture to the human spirit, the suggestion of something fresh and clean, has already allies amongst the garrison.

The Higher that Appeals

A fine thing is never quite a stranger to us. It may be, as Wordsworth thought, that we carry about with us some reminiscence of it from an earlier state of being. Or it may be that its reappearance is like a wind from heaven blowing on ashes which we supposed were cold; discovering to us that we have forgotten nothing. But whatever be the explanation, history and literature and our

own mind, if we are aware of its delicate and invincible movements, are full of illustrations of the fact, that to wean the human heart from a low allegiance is no merely sad or desperate undertaking. It would seem indeed that any traffic in lower things brings over the human spirit a certain distaste and anger which, were a fine thing there and then to appear, would throw open the gates to its entrance. We should all of us be much better than we are had we only the courage to stand still. For, even in that momentary pause some fine thing would have time to get in front of us, making something in our life which we suspect is not fine, uneasy. This is what Francis Thompson is after in "The Hound of Heaven." It is what Browning is after all the time—in "Pippa," in "Pompilia," in the great disclosures of "Caponsacchi." It is the very heart of an ever-recurring romanticism in literature, in art, in political revolutions. For it is the very heart, and ultimate saving possibility of the soul, that

"We are sunk enough here, God knows,
But not quite so sunk, that moments
Sure though seldom are denied us,
When the Spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
On the right way or the wrong way
To its triumph or undoing.

There are flashes struck from midnights,
There are fire-flames noondays kindle
Whereby piled-up honours perish,
Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle;
While just this or that poor impulse
Which for once had play unstilled
Seems the sole work of a life-time
That away the rest have trifled."

The Touch of Light

There was a report many years ago that someone had discovered how to make a bomb of such ingredients that it would explode *at the touch of a ray of light*. I do not know whether such a bomb has yet been made; but to reason from the nature of the human soul the thing should not be impossible. We certainly have been so put together by God, by life and our own thoughts, that a fine thing suddenly confronting us, or gradually dawning upon us, has the effect of pulling a trigger and unsealing a form of government. If anyone denies that this is so, and protests that he is not aware in his own case of any such lurking liability, one can only repeat the robust language of St. John and say, "he is a liar and the truth is not in him."

An Expulsive Power

The great literature of the soul has certainly made this claim for man, or uttered this threat concerning him, that let him but fairly see the higher, and the lower will begin to totter on its perch. What is the heart and motive of every great drama but just this: there is a struggle between two voices, and if the man will not surrender to the higher or finer, in each case to the disquieting, beseeching voice, then that higher, finer thing will tear a way for itself out into the open though behind it there should lie a world in ruins!

God help two people, says Nathaniel Hawthorne, if one or the other should ever learn a higher way of love than they have taught each other.

Osip Duimov has a story which he calls "The Flight from the Cross," his idea being that most people to-day are engaged in nothing else but running away from dreams, from flashes of the ideal and the holy, which they know would master them if they stayed for a moment to consider. This is probably the real explanation of the cult of speed in our day, and of our unrest. When a car flies past us to-day on the highway, the chance is a hundred to one that the people in that car are not hastening to any place in particular—like a surgeon hurrying to forestall death. The chance is a hundred to one that the people in that car are *hastening away from something*—something habitual and empty in their own way of living. Now this world of ours is *round*, so that the farther you go in one direction the nearer you are to coming back

to your starting point. I have just been reading a book on the Einstein theory, which was full of surprising commonplaces. I learned, what of course I knew but had not considered, that if a man goes twelve thousand miles away from any place on this earth he cannot thereafter take a single step in any direction without coming nearer home! That is to say, there is a limit to the distance we can run away, and when we have reached that limit we are where we were, only more exhausted.

Some years ago I read a very different book, also packed with wisdom: "Martha by the Day." "Why is it, I wonder, Martha," said the young man of the house, as he passed the old family charwoman—she on her way to church, he mounting his high-power car—"why is it, I wonder, Martha, that so many people nowadays don't go to church?" To which the wise old woman answered: "Well, now, Master Tom" (or John or whatever may have been his name), "if you really do want to know, I think the reason why most people nowadays do not go to church is, they are afraid that if they went they would hear something which they know is true." I may be prejudiced, but I think that that is almost sublime.

The Tide will Win

Certainly this is the philosophical basis of all idealism and faith, the conviction which inspires all the well-wishers of the human race, all who protest against the tyranny of immediate things, against the lust of the eye, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. They know that things are what they are. Therefore they bide their time. The conflict between the higher and the lower is in their view a conflict between the tide and the wind. To careless eyes it may seem as though the wind were winning, blowing from the shore and driving the spume of baffled waves back upon the sea. But they know, the deep and patient ones, that, if the tide is setting shorewards, the wind protests in vain. And they hold that in such a parable the tide is the good, the better, the finer, the holier: and the wind is—but a local and temporary thing, a mood, a passion, an error.

A friend of my own who had greatly prospered began to buy pictures. At the outset he knew nothing about pictures, and really had no use for them except to clothe his walls—a thing somehow he supposed he ought to do. He was a rare bird for the

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dealers, who unloaded their rubbish upon him shamelessly. And so his walls were garnished. But there are degrees even in rubbish, and depths beneath depths of inanity. The less rubbishy pictures began to quarrel with their more rubbishy neighbours on the walls, and my friend had at least the sensitiveness to observe them quarrelling. In each case he was obedient to the heavenly vision. When one picture had proved to him that another was not worthy of its society, he removed the offender. Later on it might be that a picture which had been good enough to shame another was itself not good enough to stay when the successor arrived. And so the good work went on, the finer unsettling the less fine. Until one day I asked a world-famous artist his opinion of my friend's collection, and he replied that, though there were still many examples which he would expel at sight, there were now on his walls works of such greatness that each one ought to have a wall or a room to itself alone!

The Door and the Cottage

In my boyhood there was a story of a man naturally mean, who purchased at an auction-room a beautiful antique door. To begin with, all he knew about the door was that it was cheap. He soon found a use for it, and built this fine old door into a shabby, dreary cottage. Whereupon once again the good fight began between that work of art and its unspiritual surroundings. Friends teased the mean man, assuring him that he had shamed the old cottage by giving it such a door, and that he had affronted the door by giving it such a setting. He pretended to be satisfied, but he was at heart not satisfied. Nor was he comfortable until he tore down that cottage and erected another worthy of that door!

Once again it is this deep, ancient wisdom which gives calmness and assurance to all who have been "Baptized of the Spirit." Man must love the highest, having seen it. Why cannot we be satisfied with things—with our food and clothing, with our ambitions, with our pleasures, with the strong excitements of the senses? It is a deep question, for which there is perhaps no answer except that we are so made. Why does not the sea rest and be still? Because the sea likewise cannot rest. And why cannot the sea rest? It cannot rest, because it lies open to the call and pull of heavenly

forces—of the moon and of the sun and of the stars. Why do not we rest in the world of things? Once more it is because we cannot. "For the Lord hath made everything beautiful, for its season, but He hath set eternity in the heart of man."

The Quotation

*"O dear Britain! O my Mother Isle!
Needs must thou prove a name most dear
and holy*

*To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband and a father, who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all
Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
O Native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but
dear and holy*

*To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-
hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and
seas,*

*Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thought;
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy of greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country. O divine
And beautiful island! thou hast been my
sole*

*And most magnificent temple, in the which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!"*

FEARS IN SOLITUDE.



The Prayer

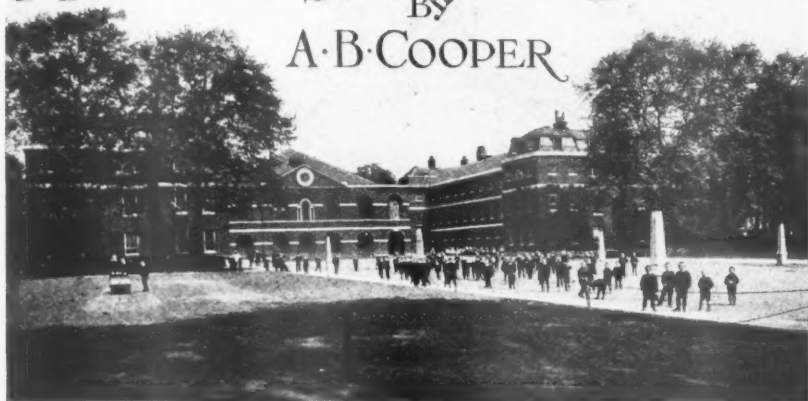
The Lord hath made us and not we ourselves, therefore we put our trust in Him. O Thou Altho hast made us so that we can discern between good and evil and are aware within our own spirits of lights and shadows from Thy Face according to our deeds: Do Thou give us Thine assistance so that we may be faithful to those most private instructions. May we be true to Thy mind within us, not fearing to go forward when Thy hand beckons, or to fall back when Thy hand warns us or forbids.

Preserve within us such sensitiveness to Thy visitations as we may have, and make that sensitiveness more quick and sure; that we may not waste our strength in debate; but knowing Thy Will may do the same, and grow day by day into the grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

American Shrines in Britain

By

A. B. COOPER



The Foundling Hospital,
founded by Captain Thomas Coram

Photo :
Pictorial Agency

IT has been pointed out that England is not the chief home of the Anglo-Saxon race; that whilst England and the Lowlands of Scotland have a combined population of something under forty millions, the United States of America has a population, as distinctly Anglo-Saxon, of at least fifty millions. No wonder, then, that England has an interest for American tourists, not only because our literature and language is theirs, but also because on every hand they find signs and tokens of the imperishable ties which bind the two countries together in the bonds of blood relationship.

We all know that touring Americans love to visit our ancient Tower of London, our cathedral cities, Stonehenge, and like spots, simply because theirs is a new country which contains none of these hoary memorials of an ancient history; but these are not American shrines, the places of their chief reverence, the

places they call holy ground. Yet in this country there are many such spots, often slightly regarded by those who might, if they cared, see them every day, but places nevertheless which the visiting American has got "upon his list." Snowdon he can forgo, but not Wrexham Church; Westminster Abbey he would much rather miss than the Quaker Meeting House called Jordans; whilst Southwark Cathedral is better worth while than Lincoln or even Canterbury, because of its association with John Harvard; and Buckingham Palace is

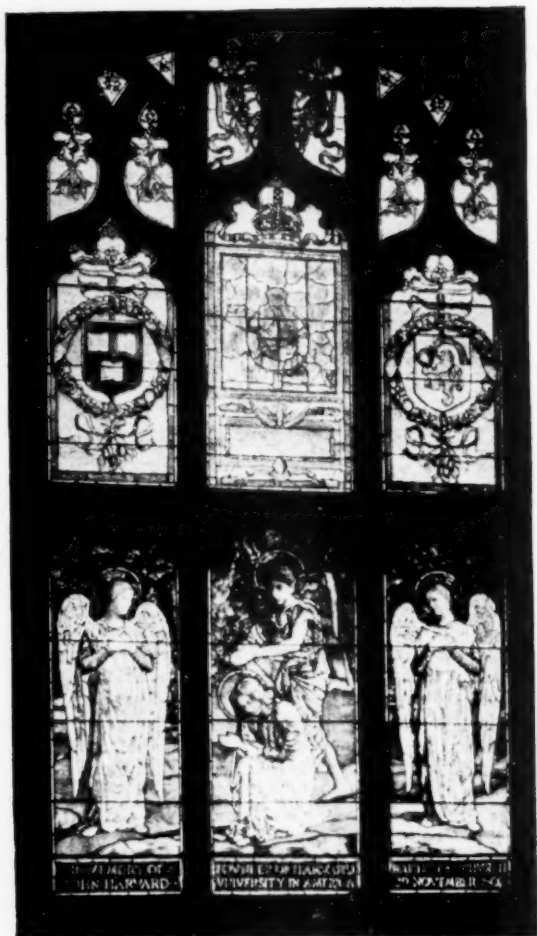


The John Harvard Brass,
Southwark Cathedral

Photo :
Pictorial Agency

Commemorating the fact that he was baptized there

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Harvard Window,
Southwark Cathedral

Photo:
Pictorial Agency

not to be compared for interest with Sulgrave Manor, the old home of the Washingtons.

This is a natural and praiseworthy preference. The American finds his ancient history in England. Here he finds traces of Franklin, of Captain John Smith, of Miles Standish, of William Penn, of Captain Vancouver, of Elihu Yale, of George Washington; the forbears of the men who signed his great Declaration of Independence are inscribed on moss-grown tombstones in half-forgotten country churchyards; and whilst he forgets, perhaps, that

men like Walpole, or Bolingbroke, or Wolsey ever lived, he is immensely interested in that "mad preacher" George Fox, dotes on anything connected with Raleigh, and looks on the Foundling Hospital with loving eyes, not because there the children sing sweetly, not because it is a great and venerable charity, but because Captain Thomas Coram founded it.

It is such intimate shrines as these with which this article deals. For instance, a great number of Yale and Harvard graduates are naturally among the number of American visitors to these shores, and as the Oxford and Cambridge of America were founded by, and named after, two English gentlemen, it is no matter for wonder that every scrap of information about these "founders" has been carefully collated, and that any spot even remotely connected with their lives has become a place of reverent pilgrimage.

Harvard is the premier university in America, for the colony court of 1636 "agreed to give £400 towards a schoole or collidge," and a little later "it is ordered that the collidge agreed upon formerly to bee built at Cambridge shall be called Harvard Collidge." The reason for so naming it was that the Rev. John Harvard, B.A. 1632, and M.A. 1635, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, England, dying in Charlestown, Massachusetts, September 14th, 1638,

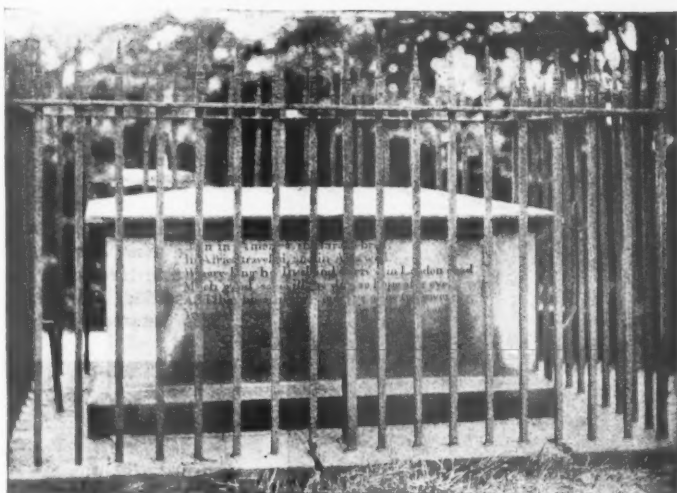
by will left half his estate, about £800, and his library, to the seminary in the wilderness, a college which declared its object to be "the education of the English and Indian youth of this country in knowledge and godliness."

John Harvard's mother was a native of Stratford-on-Avon, and there is to-day a house there known as Harvard House; but his father, according to the baptismal register of Southwark Cathedral, was a butcher in that famous old borough. In one of the most beautifully restored chapels of the cathedral appears the following in-

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scription: "This Chapel was Restored in 1907 in Memory of John Harvard by the Sons and Friends of Harvard University, Upon the Initiative of William Phillips, Harvard, 1900." There is also a beautiful window in the cathedral presented by Harvard graduates, and unveiled by the American Ambassador, "In Memory of John Harvard, Founder of Harvard University in America."

After the death of his mother, who had three husbands, John Harvard married the daughter of a Sussex clergyman, and immediately joined the colonists of the *Mayflower* in New England, where he was



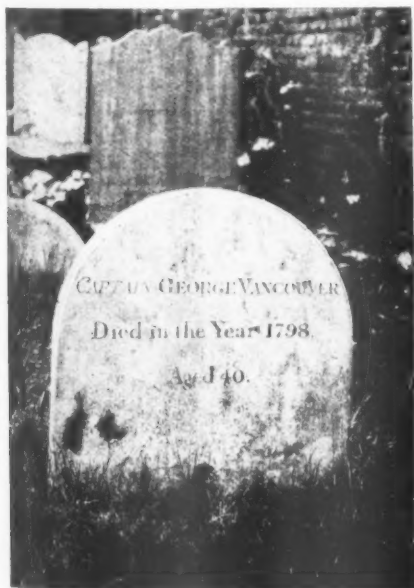
The Tomb of Elihu Yale, Wrexham

admitted a townsman of Charlestown, Massachusetts. Besides being possessed of more of "this world's goods" than most of his fellow colonists, both he and his wife were exemplary church members, and so quickly won the respect of the primitive community, that John Harvard became a sort of assistant clergyman, although there is no record of his ordination. He died of consumption, September 14th, 1638.

Many English people are puzzled to know why so many Americans express an intention of visiting Wrexham, because to them it appears an uninteresting Welsh town only. The secret is out when we learn that Elihu Yale, whose name is immortalized in Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, is buried in the churchyard there. Within recent years the graduates of Yale have restored the porch of the church, upon the walls of which they have placed the following inscription:

"This porch is restored by graduates of Yale University on the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Yale College, which received its name A.D. 1718 in recognition of the bounty of the Honourable Elihu Yale, a former resident in this Parish."

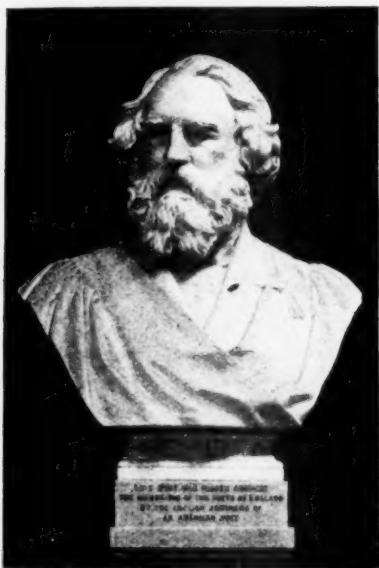
Yale's connexion with a great American university is more curious than Harvard's. His father had emigrated from the neighbourhood of Wrexham to New Haven, Connecticut, on the foundation of that colony, but later had gone to live in Boston, and it



Vancouver's Grave in
Petersham Churchyard

Photo:
Pictorial Agency

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The Bust of Longfellow
at Westminster Abbey

Photo: York &
Sons, Notting Hill

was there Elihu was born on April 5th, 1648. When the boy was four the family returned to England and settled in London, and the founder of Yale University never again crossed the Atlantic.

At an early age he entered the service of the East India Company, and rose to be Governor of Madras. He seems to have amassed a considerable fortune, and returning to London about the age of fifty, became known for his many benefactions. Three years before his death, in 1721, the famous Cotton Mather invited his help for the struggling collegiate school of Connecticut, and, in response to this appeal, Yale sent a cargo of books, pictures and other valuables which were sold for the benefit of the college and realized upwards of five hundred pounds—a considerable sum in those days, and a fortune to the impecunious college. In gratitude, Yale's name was bestowed on the college, and in 1745 the whole institution was formally entitled Yale University.

Yale's family connexion with Wrexham made him a generous benefactor of the church there, and in its churchyard is still to be seen his tombstone, which bears a curious epitaph, beginning: "Born in America, in Europe bred, in Africa travelled, and in Asia wed."

The well-known Foundling Hospital in Guilford Street, London, has a special interest for Americans because it was long advocated and at last founded by Captain Thomas Coram, who was born at Lyme Regis in the year of the English Revolution, 1688, and taken to the town of Taunton, Massachusetts, when he was a little child. Coram's father followed the sea, and his son for a time did the same, for he was wrecked in the *Sea Flower*, off Cuxhaven, on a voyage to Hamburg, and thereafter seems to have settled in London.

His interest in the American colonies



The Bunyan Window,
Westminster Abbey

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never waned, however. When Georgia was founded by General Oglethorpe, Coram was appointed one of the trustees, and he was the author of a scheme whereby unemployed English artisans were settled in Nova Scotia. Being of a philanthropic turn of mind, and frequently shocked in London by the sight of abandoned babies, often in a dying condition, he laboured for many years with the idea of establishing somewhere in the great city a hospital for foundlings.

The foundation stone of the building was laid in 1742, but considerably earlier than this date a number of these tiny unfortunates had been housed in Hatton Garden. Coram is buried in the beautiful chapel, and one of the

hospital's chief treasures is the good founder's portrait painted by Hogarth. A hundred years after Coram's death his statue was erected in front of the hospital, and the name is again commemorated in Coram Street.

Bunhill Fields burial-ground is chiefly interesting to English folk as the burial place of Bunyan, the Immortal Dreamer, but to Americans as the resting place of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, the religious sect to which Philadelphia owes both its existence and its name. Fox visited America himself in 1671, and in



**St. Margaret's Church,
Westminster**

*Photo :
Pictorial Agency*

The West Window in memory of Sir Walter Raleigh

1767 his heirs-at-law were the descendants in Pennsylvania of his brother John, to whom his will (he died in 1691) bequeaths a thousand acres in that State which had been assigned to him by his disciple and friend William Penn.

But it is the fact that George Fox was the maker of Penn, the founder of the State of Pennsylvania, which makes Fox so interesting to Americans. In this country there are two spots sacred to the memory of Penn in the eyes of Americans, All-Hallows Church, where he was baptized, and the Quaker Meeting House at Jordans, near Chalfont

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Wesley Memorial Tablet,
Westminster Abbey

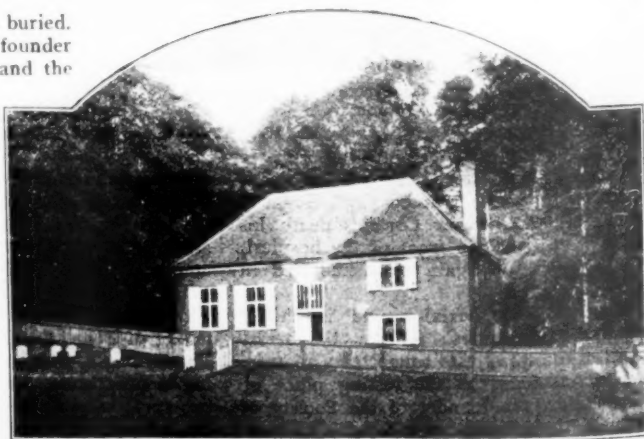
Photo :
Pictorial Agency

St. Giles, where he is buried. The career of the founder of the Quaker State and the Quaker City is too familiar to need recapitulation, but he is universally regarded as one of the great names in America's early history.

St. Sepulchre's Church attracts Americans because the famous Captain John Smith, one of the original settlers in Virginia, fourteen years prior to the sailing of the *Mayflower*, lies

buried there. In 1608 Smith, who from the first had been the guiding and animating influence in the colony, was elected Governor, and under him Jamestown was founded. During the same summer he explored all the coasts around the Chesapeake and made a map of the famous bay, and in after years, when his connexion with the colony of Virginia was severed, he made several further voyages of discovery. In fact, the adventures of Captain John Smith, and especially his much-debated connexion with the beautiful Indian girl Pocahontas, form one of the most romantic stories of early colonial life.

Many Americans find their way to Petersham Churchyard, close to the Thames, between Richmond and Kingston, to seek out the simple headstone which marks the resting-place of Captain George Vancouver. He was an associate of Captain Cook, though a much younger man. He was, moreover, a man of



Jordans, the Quaker Meeting House,
where Penn is buried

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very high character, and his work on the west and north-west coasts of North America has been the basis of all subsequent surveys. His health broke under strenuous toil and long exposure, and he died at forty in the year 1798. Vancouver Island and city immortalize his name.

Westminster Abbey is, of course, interesting to Americans on a thousand counts, but there are three things there specially associated with America and Americans, the bust of Longfellow in Poets' Corner, unveiled by Russell Lowell during his memorable term at the American Embassy, the Bunyan Window, which was the gift of the American nation, and the Anglo-American Memorial to John and Charles Wesley.

The neighbouring church of St. Margaret's is, however, regarded by Virginians almost as their national shrine, because in it the great Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the most romantic figures in the joint history of the two English-speaking peoples, lies buried. He is regarded as the founder of the first English settlement in America, although perhaps a little more credit than is his due is accorded him for that epoch-making event. Certainly it was he who first brought news of this land, who was responsible for its name, Virginia, in honour of Elizabeth, and it was he who was the prime mover in its first settlement.

Another church which has considerable attraction for Americans is Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, of late so long associated with the honoured name of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, but built by and for the famous Newman Hall, one of the greatest pulpit orators of the past century. The steeple of that church was built by American subscriptions as a memorial of Abraham Lincoln, in recognition of Newman Hall's passionate advocacy of the cause of the North in the War of Secession which put an end to negro slavery, and in its construction and decoration the stars and stripes of the American flag are a conspicuous feature.

Many Americans pay pilgrimage to St. Bartholomew's Close because in it Benjamin Franklin worked as a journeyman printer during his visit to this country as a very young man, and to The Piazza, Covent Garden, because for some time their countryman Benjamin West, who became Court painter to George III. and a President of the Royal Academy, resided there.

The celebrations centring around the tercentenary of the *Mayflower* are so recent,



The Spire of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road Photo: Pictorial Agency

Presented by Americans as a Memorial of Abraham Lincoln

and the subject was so fully dealt with in this magazine, that there is here no need to enlarge upon the interest to Americans which draws them to Scrooby and Boston and Plymouth, places sacred to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. These spots will naturally always be shrines before which Americans will stand in deep respect and reverence, for these stern Puritans, together with the Quakers, were the true makers of America.

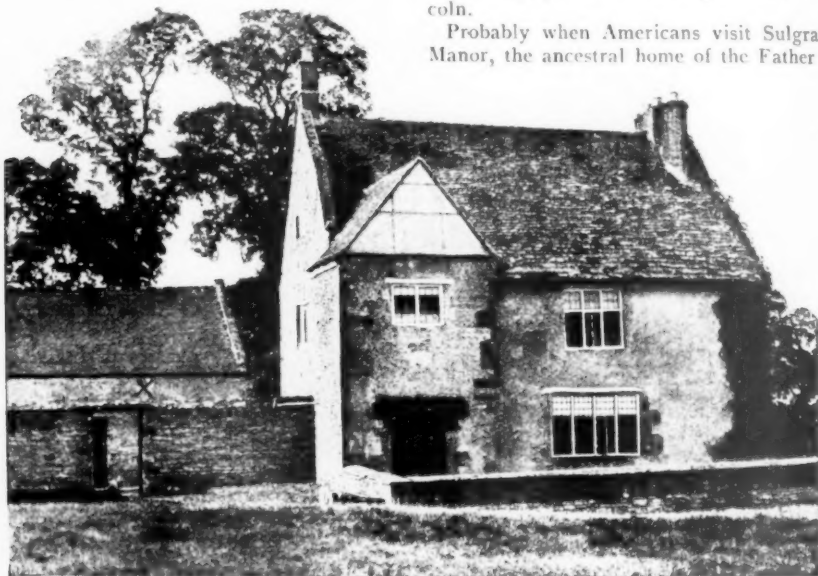
Ecton Church, in Northamptonshire, was

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the scene of an international gathering some years ago, when a brass containing a portrait medallion of Benjamin Franklin was unveiled, accompanied by the following inscription: "Benjamin Franklin, Born Jan. 17, 1706, Died April 17, 1790. His ancestors were born in this village and many of his relations are buried in this churchyard. 'I have lived for a long time (81 years), and the longer I live the more con-

family used to worship. At this moment there is an appeal abroad for the sum of £25,000 to restore and maintain the Manor, and to this H.M. the King has sent a donation of £100. How significant is this gift to the sacred memory of the great patriot who opposed with arms the will of his great-great-grandfather! But it may be truly said that there are no two names whom Englishmen have taken to their hearts more closely than Washington and Lincoln.

Probably when Americans visit Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Father of



Sulgrave Manor, Northants,
the Historic Old Home of the Washingtons

Photo:
Tactical Press

vincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men."—Speech at the Convention, 1787."

But probably the chief point of interest in these islands to all Americans is Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons, and Sulgrave Church, where the

His Country, the thing they are chiefly interested in is the Washington armorial bearings carved in the stone. These consist of a shield with two bars and three stars upon it, and it is generally believed that here we have the first idea of the Star-spangled Banner.



Values and Vivian

A Story of Decorations

By

Dorothea Brande

OLD Stephen MacGregor came frowning down the Avenue, his grey head thrust forward, his bushy brows drawn together. He had been back in New York less than six hours, but every moment of the six hours had counted, unfortunately, against the prosperity of the house of MacGregor. The late summer afternoon was cool and bright, and the grey buildings thrust up into the clear light blue of the sky in this way that had taken old Stephen's breath when he had seen it for the first time forty years before, and in this way which seemed more beautiful to him every time he came back to it.

He was used, on occasions like these, to think with grim enjoyment of the contrast between his sad condition that first time he had seen Fifth Avenue and the comparative splendour of his later years. To-day, for the first time, there seemed to him to be no great contrast between the Scotch lad strutting along the smart street long ago and himself that bright September afternoon. He must have been a queer enough sight, in those old days, with his knobby bag and his thick shoes and his suit which was like no other suit in town. But that suit had given him the courage he needed to face a new world; when the tight-trousered lads of the 'eighties had laughed past him, he had gone by with his Airedale face uplifted with contempt. They thought his clothes were funny, did they? Well, he could tell them a thing or two about their suits, if he chose! There was no better piece of woollen stuff on the Avenue, well made or ill. Who had a better right to know than he, newly come from a town of weavers? At the recurring thought MacGregor shook his shaggy head. He'd have done better, no doubt, to have learned ailingering, or some such thing. A decorator! Who needed a decorator when times were bad? Clothes a man was obliged to have if he went among his fellows, but let him lock his door or move into an hotel, and who cared whether or not his four walls were bare?

Old Stephen turned off into a side street,

walked briskly past half a dozen shops until he stopped before the window of "MacGregor." Below the sturdy name, in slanting, wide-spaced script, ran:

Decorations—Furniture—Fabrics

'The window held a dark rug worth a small fortune, and against a tapestry, brown with age, there stood a refectory table and a fine old chair. The exhibit was too dark to be effective; it turned the window into a splendid mirror for every little high-heeled clerk that passed. From across the street one saw nothing except the gold letters shining in the afternoon sun, but it was a window dressed after old Stephen's heart. It meant that his son Malcolm was following duly and creditably in his footsteps, and he regarded the tapestry and the table and the chair with a grim approval into which some of his paternal affection seemed to have entered.

"Aye, the boy's the right sort," Stephen said to himself, comforted, and he turned into the doorway. The interior of the shop was dark, too, and he blinked there a moment. Then he saw the earnest equine face of his secretary materializing out of the shadows at the end and he nodded to her.

"Oh, Mr. MacGregor!" she said with apparent surprise.

Stephen greeted her with an amiable grunt. He supposed that, of course, her surprise was due to such mild emotion as his returning from Scotland might have engendered. If he had been less preoccupied with the turn his affairs had taken, he might have remembered that in all the fifteen years Miss Mathews had served him she had never appeared startled before for so much as a minute. He made as if to pass her, but she got awkwardly in front of him.

"Oh, Mr. MacGregor!" she began again. Stephen stared at her. In the little pause which followed he became aware that someone was talking in his office.

"Eh?" he asked. He ducked his head in

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the direction of the office and lifted his great brows. In the confidential language of business he had asked if the voice belonged to a client.

Miss Mathews shook her long head, embarrassed.

"Sh! No, it's not!" she had the effrontery to say.

Old Stephen exploded.

"Woman! What's come over you? Am I to hold my tongue in my own shop?" He ripped off his gloves with exasperation. "What's the meaning of this foolishness? Is Mr. Malcolm in there, too?"

Miss Mathews nodded. She fixed him earnestly with her eyes; her face quivered with her nervousness.

"It's a girl!" she said tensely. "It's a nice girl, Mr. MacGregor, and she wants to work here."

Stephen exploded completely at that.

"Twenty-three—" he began, when Miss Mathews interrupted him.

"Don't say that!" she said, with sharp, unusual courage.

"Not say what?" Stephen barked.

"That twenty-three women and girls came in here in one day and wanted to learn interior decorating!" she besought. "I know that. I was here, too. But that was the worst day, you know it was, Mr. MacGregor; and this girl's different. Mr. Malcolm saw it at once."

"Hmph!" said old Stephen. "I suppose that means that she's pretty, eh? Well, you don't need beauty to be a good decorator," he said with grim humour, "or where would I be?" He started to pass her.

Miss Mathews, the self-effacing, the ever-impeccable, caught his sleeve.

"Don't you frighten her!" she whispered vehemently.

"Are you daft, or totally bewitched?" old Stephen asked, standing stock-still, and under his beetling look Miss Mathews seemed to lose her courage and shrink back into meekness. She lifted her round shoulders helplessly and slipped behind a curtain. Stephen threw open the door of his office.

The cause of the upheaval was standing with her back to him when he came in, leaning with both hands behind her on a table. He had just a flash of an impression before his son spoke; she was rather tall and straight-backed, with something boyish in the set of her head, although she was dressed in clothes which old Stephen

thought were atrociously feminine. She had on a loose-fitting jumper which he hated with all his meticulous Scotch heart—he could feel even now his mother's scorn of girls who were not tidy—and the low brown shoes she wore were strapped and buckled like sandals.

Malcolm came toward him from the window-sill. He was a good three inches taller than his tall father, and he had a Latin colouring which went incongruously with his Scot's name.

"Father," he said, "this is Miss Baird."

"How d'you do, Miss Baird?" Stephen said gruffly, throwing his gloves on the table and standing his stick carefully in a corner. She turned around to meet him and held out her hand in a boyish way which belied the "arty" clothes, and he saw her face for the first time.

It really was no wonder that his plain typist had been bowled completely out. The girl had eyes of the most remarkable vivid blue and a beautiful mouth. Her hair was the rich and lovely colour of some of Stephen's most prized pieces of brown mahogany. She was simply so healthily and completely beautiful that she had not the slightest self-consciousness about her. He stared at her from under his bushy brows, and he saw that not even his rather terrifying manner or his quite manifest reserving of judgment had the slightest effect of abashing her.

"How do you do, Mr. MacGregor?" she asked. She indicated Malcolm with her head. "I was just telling your son that I wanted a job and he seemed to think you might engage me."

"He did, eh?" Stephen asked. He turned and fixed Malcolm with his sharp eyes. "Taking a good deal on himself, I'm afraid." And even when he said it he realized that in all Malcolm's by no means dull life he had never seen his son so extraordinarily alive. Even with all the situations in the room hanging fire, old Stephen was conscious of feeling behind his gruffness that his own son was as splendid a specimen of youth as the tall girl before him. Malcolm's mother had been gone for twenty years, and somehow at that look of excitement and interest in his son's face MacGregor felt lonely and old. Subconsciously he set himself to fight off the issue. He shook his shoulders and pulled out his desk chair. There, fortified behind the official mahogany, he looked at the two of them,

VALUES AND VIVIAN

the blue-eyed girl and the tall brown man, and shook his head.

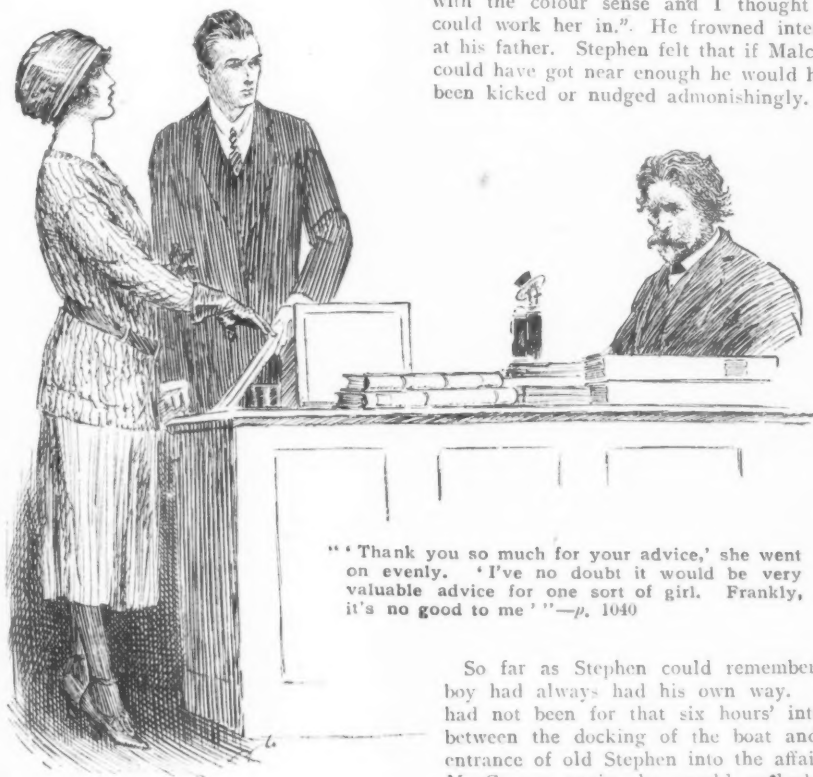
"Well, as you saw, no doubt, I've a secretary of my own," he said, "and she suits me perfectly. I think we suit her."

"Oh," said Vivian Baird, "I didn't want a position as a secretary. I'm a decorator."

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" old Stephen said. "Six months!"

"Yes, and I exhibited in Chicago this spring and got honourable mention," she went on doggedly. "Really, I do know something about it, Mr. MacGregor."

"I told Miss Baird," Malcolm said, breaking in, "that we very much needed someone with the colour sense and I thought we could work her in." He frowned intently at his father. Stephen felt that if Malcolm could have got near enough he would have been kicked or nudged admonishingly.



"'Thank you so much for your advice,' she went on evenly. 'I've no doubt it would be very valuable advice for one sort of girl. Frankly, it's no good to me.'"—p. 1040

"You are, eh?" old Stephen said. He began to laugh without much mirth and went on laughing for a little while.

Miss Baird grew rosy to the roots of her hair, but she stood her ground and looked at him; finally she gravely nodded.

"Oh, dear me," Stephen said. "Well, you're fortunate, I must say, Miss Baird. I've been studying this business some time now and I don't yet feel quite ready to call myself a decorator. I suppose you've had some training in it?"

"Yes, I have," she said. "I took a six months' course."

So far as Stephen could remember the boy had always had his own way. If it had not been for that six hours' interval between the docking of the boat and the entrance of old Stephen into the affairs of MacGregor again, he would undoubtedly have had his way again. As it was, Stephen turned his sharp eyes on his son and surveyed him as expressionlessly as he had surveyed Vivian Baird. At last he turned his eyes back to the girl.

She had clasped her hands before her and her chin was rather high for a suppliant. The red had faded from her cheeks, and she looked very white and still. With the first real approval he had felt for her, aside from his admiration of her undeniable health and loveliness, Stephen realized that Miss Vivian Baird possessed a temper, and probably, although not as an inevitable corollary, courage. He was rather sorry for

THE QUIVER

her, but his sorrow was mitigated by his belief that the child was probably invincible.

"My dear Miss Baird," he began, emphasizing his words with a wagging pencil, "let me give you a little earnest talk, which you probably won't listen to." He shook his head humorously. "If you've got a family behind you, your way is straight and easy. If not, get a job, and take my advice for the evenings. You'll get farther and be better off in the end, my dear, if you can bring yourself to face it now."

"You mean," said Vivian Baird, "that I'd better take some more courses before I call myself a decorator, I suppose."

"Take your courses," Stephen said gravely. "Take your courses, by all means, Miss Baird. But take them in typewriting."

"Father!" Malcolm remonstrated, but Vivian Baird turned on him like a flash.

"I don't need mediation, if you please, Mr. MacGregor," she said. And then there were two angry youngsters in the room. She looked back at Stephen sitting behind the desk, already wishing he had used a little more of the tact which he had never had. "Thank you so much for your advice," she went on evenly. "I've no doubt it would be very valuable advice for one sort of girl. Frankly, it's no good to me." She gathered up her gloves and drew them on; then she inclined her head gravely to both of them, and with her eyelids very stiff and her chin very high, she opened the door before Malcolm could reach it and before old Stephen could get to his feet, and was gone.

Malcolm stared ruefully at the quivering door, and Stephen stared at his son. He was not so old that he could not know that the anger and fury of the girl had been dictated to her by her humiliation and pride, and that the humiliation and pride were magnified a thousandfold because the brown eyes of Malcolm had seen her debasement. He dropped into the speech of his own youth unconsciously.

"Son," he said, "I doubt ye'll hate me for it, but I could not engage the lass just now."

Still looking at the door, Malcolm lighted a cigarette. He turned round abruptly, flipped the match out of the open window, and dropped down at his desk.

"Finkelstein and Wildfeuer just wrote asking us to do the interior of a new Bronx outrage. I've written to say it was hardly in our line," he said.

Stephen looked at his son under his heavy brows; for the first time he felt baffled and snubbed by him. There was no use following that line, then.

"If the letter's not gone, I advise reconsidering," he remarked, more grim than ever.

"Do a picture palace!"—Malcolm exclaimed aghast. He sat back and stared at his father.

"The way things are going, we'll do well to think twice before we refuse to do a doll's house," MacGregor said. He pulled at his wiry moustache and shook his head.

"Mr. Huntington Williams," he went on, with deep sarcasm, "has decided that the chair I have spent half the summer buying is not what he believed, and he will not have it."

"Well, the poor, benighted——" Malcolm started. He stopped from sheer disability to put the asinine quality of Mr. Huntington Williams into adequate words. "He commissioned you to buy it! You went to Scotland for that and nothing else! It's as pure a piece of Jacobean as he'll find in a century. What's the matter with the idiot?"

Stephen still shook his head. Malcolm's indignation was balm to him; he found himself being not quite completely sorry that Williams had proved such an ass, since he felt himself re-established in his son's eyes.

"Well, as I see it," MacGregor began slowly, "I think one thing when I hear 'Jacobean' and he thinks another. It makes no difference to him that I know what I'm talking about and he doesn't. Because he's made up his mind that he was going to see—well, something in early Italian, so far as I can make it out, he holds I've misrepresented." He shook his honest shoulders angrily and hunched his head between them.

Malcolm whistled. He clasped his hands behind his head and stared at the ceiling, tilting back in his desk chair. He brought himself down suddenly.

"Oh, well, there's always the new Findlater house," he said, with returning cheer.

"That chicken's not hatched yet, either," MacGregor cautioned, but his tone was a degree less gloomy than before, "but things might be worse!"

Elsa Lorimer Findlater, already the owner of half a dozen houses sprinkled over the country, had but recently bought herself the most thoroughly disreputable-looking place within a mile of Gramercy Park. In-

VALUES AND VIVIAN

side, the house was dark and close-walled and stuffy, but the door was a joy and the house itself could not have been better built. Stephen's hands itched to get at it. Two houses and a yacht already had been decorated for Mrs. Findlater by the MacGregors, and never yet had they been the victims of her rather notorious capriciousness. There was a sort of assured stability about their relationship which was very comforting to the house of MacGregor. For while she lived Elsa Findlater would certainly have a new house every year or so, and in the intervals she was always getting deeply involved in an intrigue with a different period.

"When we've got that in hand we'll take the girl on and give her a chance," MacGregor said, softening. "I doubt she'll be much good, but we can find something to keep her busy."

"Great Scott!" Malcolm cried. "I haven't her address!"

He stood up and looked at his father in consternation.

"She may come back and try again?" Stephen hazarded mistakenly. Malcolm gave a snort of such incredulity that his father felt abashed.

"Not likely!" Malcolm said briefly.

"Well, some trifling lady decorator will take her in, I don't doubt," he said. Trifling lady decorators were anathema to him.

"I'll be going along, dad," Malcolm said, to Stephen's surprise. He had supposed that the classing of the tall girl with

such triflers would spur Malcolm to angry defence. Somehow Stephen wanted Malcolm to speak of her. There was a disturbing quality of maturity about his silence.

It was not the last time that Stephen was to feel strange in the weeks which followed. In the period of their greatest prosperity, when he and Malcolm had hardly seen each other for days on end, he had been less lonely. They had been preoccupied, but it was the preoccupation of comradeship, each so engrossed in affairs which had all the other's attention that any time either of them broke into speech, communi-

cation was immediately established. Now, for the first time since the first absorbing year of Malcolm's training course, Stephen felt that Malcolm had always to come back from some far speculation before his attention was really centred on what Stephen had to say. They sat leagues apart in the same office, and the separation was all the more acute because there was so little real business to give them excuse for absorption.

The lady decorators of Stephen's fury seemed to have cut in very neatly on their preserve; for five years Stephen had noticed their encroachments with contempt. This year, he had to admit, they were really a menace. The firm of MacGregor had a masculine clubroom to do; they undertook the theatre of Finkelstein and Wildfeuer, but the coveted Findlater house unaccountably eluded them.



"Turning a little, she looked straight up at the windows"—p. 1042

THE QUIVER

October came in clear and sharp; it melted a little toward the mid-month into gentle, reminiscent warmth. Boards came down from Fifth Avenue windows, and the enshrouded heads of caretakers were seen bobbing behind the gleaming panes. Stephen watched these manifestations with strange nostalgia. This was the time when his services should have been most in demand. He sat gloomily in the office, trying not to speak to the rapt Malcolm of his misgivings.

Toward the end of the month Miss Mathews came into the office one morning, her prominent eyes alight with the joy of imparting news.

"Have you seen across the street?" she asked happily. Old Stephen looked up and shook his head. She beckoned to him and tiptoed out. Sure enough, across the street workmen were swinging a scaffolding into place, and cans of paint stood in the area-way of an unimposing little house. Malcolm came up behind them and stood with his hand on his father's shoulder.

"Um. Looks pretty good," Stephen said.

"Yes, doesn't it?" Miss Mathews gloated happily. If a house was being renovated beneath the very nose of the firm of MacGregor, it would be only decency, to say the least, to ask MacGregor to do its interior embellishment.

"Well!" said Stephen—he had an access of courage—"no reason why we shouldn't write to Mrs. Findlater and ask her what she has decided to do, is there?"

"I'd wait," Malcolm counselled vaguely. He turned back into the inner office.

The house across the way grew steadily more cream-coloured. The day came when its window sashes and doors were painted a powder-blue. Stephen pulled his moustache, staring across at it through the window of MacGregor's second story. There was something disquietingly sophisticated about the appearance of the little house. On the morning when the hinges and the bevelling were picked out with terra cotta, even Miss Mathews' hopes were dashed.

"They—they must have had advice," she ventured, twittering in a way which drove Stephen mad.

"Why shouldn't they?" he demanded ferociously, diving into the inner office.

For two days the house across the way was tacitly disregarded. The firm of MacGregor accepted a commission which brought forth curses whenever the members

dwelt upon its ignominy. Fortunately, while their capitulation brought neither joy nor appreciation, it promised to bring business again into the office. The Jacobean chair went to a purchaser with intelligence and taste, and Stephen's wintry gruffness melted. On the third day Miss Mathews appeared again, beckoning the MacGregors mysteriously.

"Come and see!" she entreated them.

Stephen and Malcolm got up smiling tolerantly and followed her into the front office. A few feet back from the window they stood in an attentive group.

A little, wrought-iron stand had been put up beside the low doorstep, its two hooks mutely inviting a swinging sign.

"Tea-room, I reckon," Miss Mathews hazarded, peering out, finger on lip. Stephen and Malcolm exchanged kindly glances behind her.

"Why! Look! Look, Mr. MacGregor!"

They whirled back again, and for a moment they stood, all three of them, bending forward in a ludicrous identity of attention.

The door of the house had swung back. A tall girl in a blue smock came out, a sign-board held in her arms. Her brown head was bent over it jealously, and going down the one step she stood on tiptoe and hooked the board into place. Then she stood back a step, wiping her hands down the sides of her smock, looking at the sign with pride. Her head hid its words from them, but in a moment she stepped back and, turning a little, looked straight up at the windows. She tossed her brown head disdainfully and stepped back.

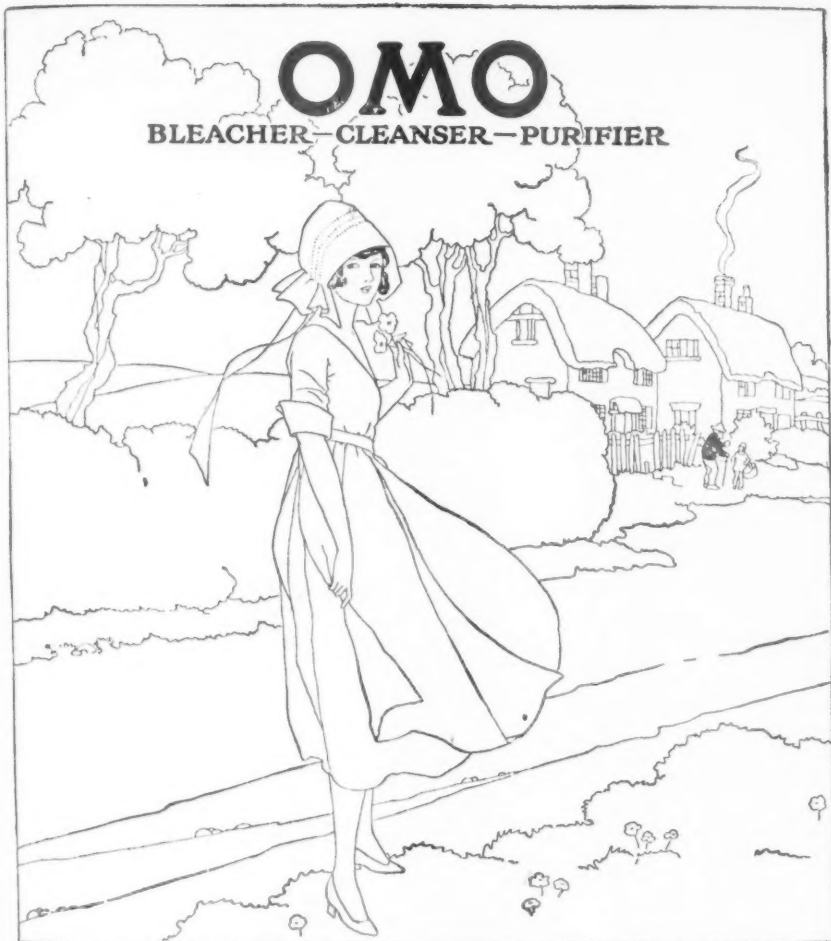
The girl was their girl! And the sign! It read:

VIVIAN BAIRD,
Interior Decorator.

With a last toss of her head she stepped inside the house, and the door shut with a slam.

"Good heavens!" said Malcolm; and "Great Caesar's ghost!" said Stephen; and, surprisingly, "Well, can you beat that!" Miss Mathews said.

Then they looked at each other, and while Miss Mathews and Stephen exchanged glances of the deepest indignation, Malcolm's face showed only dismay. Looking at his son's face, Stephen suddenly felt his own view-point change; the board stood, interpreted by Malcolm's anxiety, not so



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much for the tall girl's defiance as for the sign and symbol of a disastrous venture.

"Hmph!" Stephen growled. "Hoped I'd nipped a bud, but I'm afraid I've set a shoot." He strode back into his office, shaking his head and pulling his moustache viciously. Miss Mathews followed with her head in the air. But Malcolm stood there, looking at the closed door that hid Vivian Baird.

When he went back to the office he was smiling a little. Stephen was standing at the rear window, his hands clasped behind his back. The adjoining house was unregenerate; it flaunted its commonness under Stephen's aristocratic nose. He spoke without looking round.

"My boy," he said, "you'll never know how bad I feel about this. If I'd held my tongue a little, if Huntington Williams hadn't just been making such a fool of himself, if I hadn't been feeling a little rocky as I always do my first day on land, the child wouldn't have done such a terrible thing. I don't mind telling you," he went on defiantly, "that I never saw a girl I liked better."

"That's good!" said Malcolm, and his tone was so excessively cheerful that Stephen whirled round on him. His son was rummaging among his papers with an air of almost fatuous content.

"Hmph!" he growled. "I suppose it's nothing to you that the child's bound straight for shipwreck under your very nose."

"The point is," Malcolm broke in, "that it is under my nose." He twirled round in his chair and faced his father. "Dad," he said, "she hasn't a chance, and I know it, but I love her nerve—setting herself up right where we'll have to trip on her. If I went over there now, she'd show me out in three seconds, and I shouldn't blame her. But my idea is to stick round and watch every move she makes, and when things get too stiff, I'll go over as an ambassador and beseech her to bring her colour ideas over here."

"Um!" commented Stephen. "Well, maybe it's providential we haven't any more orders on hand, if you're going to spend your time watching every move across the street! How do you think we're going to pay anyone?"

"Oh, I expect we can," Malcolm said cheerfully. "One way or another I'm going to be taking care of her soon."

He got up and went to the front of the shop.

For two weeks it really looked as if Malcolm's plan would go through without a hitch. The powder-blue door remained conspicuously closed. When it did open, Miss Vivian Baird swept in and out, her head always very high. Now and then a meek charwoman stole in and out the area-way, but she did not look harassed by work, and it was the opinion of MacGregor's that all she had to do was dust a little. Malcolm grew more and more cheerful, Stephen grew more and more humorously grim, Miss Mathews, who had long ago abandoned indignation for pity, grew more and more anxious about Miss Baird.

In the third week Malcolm began to talk about negotiations.

"Well, I think I'll run over and see if she'll speak to me," he ventured.

"Don't let her think she's doing us too much of a favour—" old Stephen began, when the cataclysm occurred.

Miss Mathews burst in without knocking and gasped for breath.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, Mr. MacGregor! That little cat! She's got Mrs. Findlater!"

"What!" shouted Stephen and Malcolm as one man. They went without dignity to the front window; then, suddenly conscious of ignominy, they darted behind any furniture which was near and craned round it. Her huge, imposing new car was drawn up before the little cream-coloured house.

"Are you sure?" Stephen asked, but even as he asked it doubt was dispelled. The blue door flew back, and in its opening stood Elsa Lorimer Findlater, making gracious farewells, obviously at once the patron and the protector.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Stephen furiously. All at once he became conscious of the lack of dignity which had characterized the last few weeks, the peering and planning and jumping behind screens. He stamped back to his office in a rage. Malcolm followed slowly. "Perhaps you'll be able to get some work done now that she's provided for," Stephen said bitterly to him.

"Perhaps we shall," Malcolm agreed listlessly. Stephen glared at him, but he seemed totally unconscious that he had perverted his father's words. He put on his hat absently and slunk out. Stephen grunted and slammed down the top of his desk.

From that day the powder-blue door was

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very busy. About eleven o'clock each day it would begin to open and shut, and cars of various sizes and sorts would draw up across the way. Quite frequently the huge cream-coloured car stood for hours before Miss Baird's swinging sign, and the callous Mrs. Findlater showed not the slightest compunction or regret. Stephen was grim.

As the autumn went on, MacGregor's held its own very decently, but the procession of its patrons looked very meagre when compared with that of its young rival. But Miss Baird, now that she was firmly established, showed occasional signs of returning friendliness; her head was not so high when she went out, and she was reported as having nodded to Miss Mathews.

Not the least of Stephen's anxieties was Malcolm's misery. He ground out work relentlessly, as uninterested and as effective as a machine. He spoke once of the establishment opposite.

"I suppose I'm a hound to be disappointed," he said, and left Stephen to guess what he was disappointed over, and why he was ashamed.

Dull days went on until November was nearly over. And then one afternoon the climax came. Malcolm had gone out and Stephen sat alone in his darkening office. He heard the quick, trotting footsteps of Miss Mathews in the outer office, and presently he realized that she was not alone. She gave her quick, nervous tap at the door and flung it open. In the doorway, silhouetted against the light outside, not at all defiant, not at all remorseful, stood Vivian Baird.

"Mr. MacGregor?" she asked, and then she saw him standing against the grey windows. "May I come in?" she asked. "I'd like to propose something."

"Do," Stephen said. He pulled forward a chair for her and made as if to turn on the light. Then he reconsidered and stood rocking on his toes.

"Well, it's this," Vivian Baird said, her clear young voice fairly dripping with cheerful condescension. "I have Mrs. Findlater's house to do, and I'd very much like to have your help."

The office became very quiet.

"You'd—I beg your pardon?" Stephen asked incredulously. There was nothing in his voice to show his wrath, and unwarned she went on.

"You see," she said, with pretty courtesy, "I think you were right. I don't know all

I ought about decorating. But I do know a great deal about getting good effects, and I have this perfectly corking piece of work. I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind combining with me." Her young magnanimity filled the small office to suffocation.

For a moment old Stephen felt fairly on the point of stifling. Perhaps if he had been an earnest reader of business fiction he might have realized what the child was trying to do—make her services so valuable to him that he would offer to buy them outright. But old Stephen rarely read fiction. The affair presented just one aspect to him, and that aspect enraged him. He switched on the light suddenly, and at the sight of his set face Vivian Baird stood.

"Miss Baird," he said, "I don't doubt you feel that you have some reparation to offer. I thank you. We should not care to combine on Mrs. Findlater's offer." He went to the door and held it open.

The girl's temper was certainly not her weakest point.

"Reparation!" she began furiously, but Stephen broke in.

"Miss Baird," he said quietly, "for some time I've been a mild fanatic along one line. I have believed, and I've had no reason to change my belief, that there was nothing more disgraceful than the way untrained women have set themselves up as interior decorators during the last few years. I know no other profession which is so openly pursued by people who have no training, no real idea of it at all. I was brought up in a town of weavers, and there was little I did not know about textiles when I decided what my work was going to be, but I took what time was needed and learned that little. I spent five years in the office of an architect: I read and travelled and listened to every intelligent authority I could find in order to learn periods and true antiques. I spent thirty-five years to make myself fit to be called a decorator, and I've brought up my boy to respect a difficult profession."

Vivian Baird stood with her hands tightly twisted and looked at him steadily. He went on:

"Ten years ago there weren't above a dozen people in New York who had the courage to call themselves decorators, but that's changed now. Within the past three years I have seen more shops opened by people professing to do the thing I studied thirty-five years to learn than could have opened honestly in a century. Every woman

VALUES AND VIVIAN

with a little leisure and a wish to do something has gone into it—every woman too lazy, or too stupid, to learn to do anything well has tried to get into a decorator's shop or has opened one for herself. If they can talk a little about values, and atmospheres, and 'tying it together,' they feel amply ready to hang up their swindling sign. Women like you, my dear Miss Baird, are undermining a real profession; they are forcing men and women who have worked and studied long and hard to undersell their services and their goods; they are discouraging thoroughness and decent preparation. If Mrs. Findlater's house is too difficult an undertaking for you to carry through alone I am very sorry. I cannot help you, and I am sure you will see why. You undoubtedly know that we have done everything that Mrs. Findlater has needed in the past five years. If she had been anxious for our services she would have come to us again."

Vivian Baird's face was very white, and her eyes, almost on a level with his, were open and staring.

"Oh," she said, "I didn't realize——"

Her voice broke and she looked at Stephen pleadingly. But he was bowing to her very courteously, with the door held wide, and there was nothing she could do except go through it. Miss Mathews had gone, and she went through the deserted outer office quickly, and Stephen heard the heavy door opened and closed with meticulous quiet.

For a long time Stephen stood looking down, his hands behind his back. At last he shook his head slowly. The door flew back with a bang and Malcolm leaped up the steps.

"Dad!" he said. "What's up?"

Stephen looked at him inquiringly. He had never had many words when he was much moved, and his peroration had used up more strength than he had realized.

"She took down the sign," Malcolm went on. "What's the matter? Has she gone under?"

Stephen shook his head. His mouth tightened.

"She offered to share the work on Mrs.



"My dear," he said, "I couldn't be prouder of you if you were my own child"—p. 1046

Drawn by
Frank Givett

Findlater's house with us," he said. "I said we couldn't consider it under the circumstances."

"What else did you say?" Malcolm demanded. Stephen lowered his eyes and looked at his son intently. His anger had left him tired and sick and very distressed. Now that the girl had gone he remembered how quiet she had been at the last, and how distressed her eyes had been in her white face.

But Vivian Baird spoke from the doorway.

"He said only what was true," she said.

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She came into the room and went to stand before old Stephen.

"I took down the sign, Mr. MacGregor," she said, "and I called up Mrs. Findlater and told her I was worthless, and it's all right. I mean, she was furious, and she said I was cheating when I set up to do decorating, and that it served her right for not coming to you in the first place. I only said that she was quite right and hung up the receiver."

Old Stephen stared at her, and then suddenly his look became more gentle than Malcolm had ever known it since his own babyhood.

"And so," she went on quickly, "I just wanted to tell you that I didn't *mean* to cheat, Mr. MacGregor, and I only did it because I loved to work with pretty things, just as you said, and—and use my hands, I suppose. I didn't think any farther than that, even after you talked to me that first day I came in. And then I wanted to show you for some reason"—she stumbled on, while the reason stood beside her and was elaborately ignored—"so I started over there." She motioned with her head across the street.

"I'd never forgive myself if I thought I'd hurt your work at all," she said steadily,

"but I know I haven't. Your work is worth something, and mine never was—not much." She held out her strong, smooth hand to him. "I'm sorry I've annoyed you and troubled you and acted like an idiot. To-morrow morning I'm going to look for work, and to-morrow night I'm going to start to learn—typewriting maybe. Anyway, I wish you all the luck in the world."

Stephen held the firm hand tightly, too moved to smile.

"My dear," he said, "I couldn't be prouder of you if you were my own child."

Malcolm came up beside her and they stood shoulder to shoulder before him.

"You'll make me very happy," he said, with a gentleness which made his gruff voice irresistible, "if you will come in here and let me teach you all I know about our profession. As my son once said, with a foresight I foolishly discounted, we need a colour sense like yours in the business. I've no doubt at all that one of these days we'll be taking you into the firm."

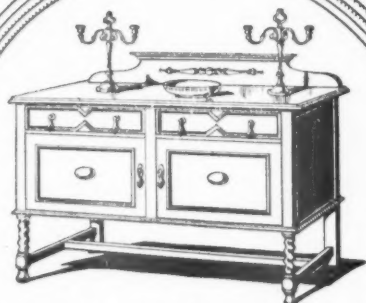
Suddenly his sharp eyes twinkled at them from beneath heavy brows.

"And I've no doubt, either," he said, enjoying his own indiscretion, "that on that day the name 'MacGregor' will do for the three of us."



Rural Peace

Photo: W. M. Dodson



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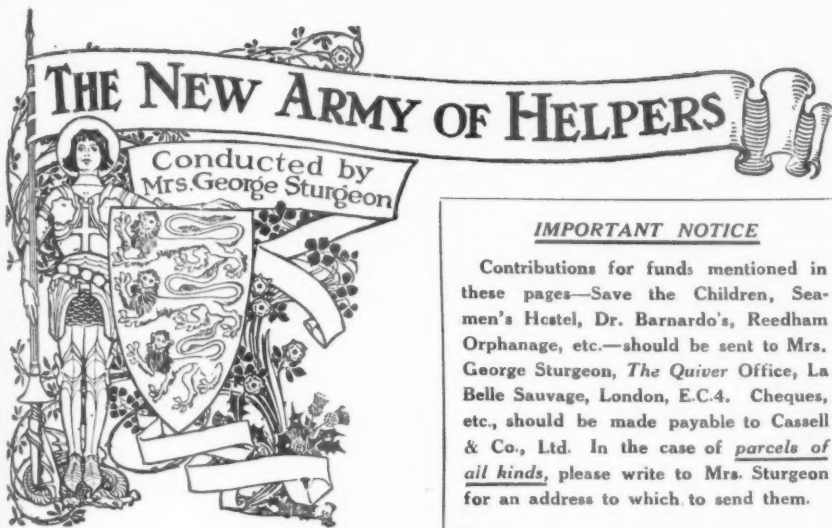


There is room in every home for this Useful Wardrobe because it tucks under the bed. It gives the additional accommodation for Dresses, Blouses, etc., which mostly every woman desires. The TUCK-AWAY is made in Solid Oak and well finished fitted with handle and castors, size 3 ft. 8 in. wide by 2 ft. 8 inches deep.

Price 77/6
Car. Paid to
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U.K. Money
returned if not
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Dept. 26,
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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Contributions for funds mentioned in these pages—Save the Children, Seamen's Hostel, Dr. Barnardo's, Reedham Orphanage, etc.—should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.* Cheques, etc., should be made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

"Though to give unto everyone that asketh may seem severe advice, yet give thou also before asking; that is, where want is silently clamorous, and men's necessities, not their tongues, do loudly call for thy mercies. For though sometimes necessitousness be dumb, or misery speak not out, yet true charity is sagacious, and will find out hints for beneficence."—
SIR THOMAS BROWNE, "Christian Morals."

MY DEAR HELPERS,—I have just been reckoning up the age of the SOS Corps, and am surprised to find that it is only eight months old. It has grown very quickly, and, far from being helpless, it is a very helpful infant. It is my child, and I have watched its progress with genuine interest and satisfaction, but gradually and increasingly I have realized that it is hampered by one great lack—

The Lack of Money

There are many cases in which the cheery letter, the unexpected box of flowers, or magazine, or other small surprise at the beginning of a day of pain is all that is asked, and works a very certain magic. But there are cases and crises in which money is essential. Letters come to me, pitiful and touching beyond words—how pitiful may be judged from this extract from the letter of a friend, a man, to whom I sent one in confidence:

"I cannot remember reading anything so pathetic, and at the same time so appealing (owing to her peculiar circumstances), as that

poor woman's letter which you enclosed. . . . Perhaps you may not be able to understand my meaning, and may think I am a very strange type of person, but after reading that letter I felt I should almost choke with tears. I hope you will gather what I mean and felt. But added to this is something which causes me some deeper feeling still, and that is that I am only able to send you such a trifle as £1, which I enclose herewith."

As a matter of fact, the money was spent on most necessary clothing, and was extremely useful.

Sympathy alone was no answer to the heartbroken cry of the woman who wrote:

"I earnestly beg you to read my letter. I am an old reader and lover of THE QUIVER, and am in sore trouble, having lost suddenly and unexpectedly our little income of £1 a week, and been left with a helpless sister. I have taken care of her for thirteen years in our little home. I have read about your Army of Helpers, and oh! in pity will some of them give me a little help until I can see whatever to do? I cannot face it all alone."

Most of us count ourselves among the "new poor," but we do not know the worries of the poor widow with a large family in Shepherd's Bush, for whom I have often asked for clothes, and who has just written to me:

"I am writing to you again in trouble. My girl Ena is fifteen years of age; her heart is very weak, and she must not go out to service because of that, and she does not like factory work. She has had St. Vitus' dance very bad when she was a little younger, and now the

THE QUIVER

doctor wants me to send her down to Suffolk. Her fare would be about 23s., and I cannot afford it. I have not been able to pay my rent—I owe about four weeks; it worries me so when I cannot pay my way."

An ex-soldier in Manchester, who is no shirker, in spite of the fact that the War undermined his health, gave a pretty grim picture of life during the coal strike:

"Thank you *very* much for 7s. 6d. you so kindly send. Accept my *very* sincere thanks for same. We are having a very rough time of it indeed. We cannot get enough food, and fire is out of the question, but am hoping all this trouble will soon end. I don't care if we can hold out, but it is very bad for women and babies, isn't it?"

Poverty is bad enough, but poverty and illness together represent the sum of human woes. Too often the daughters of professional men are stranded in middle life, and here are many such stories in the SOS red book. One belongs to a family of six, of whom three sisters are delicate and the brother has heart disease. None are young. They are "sometimes hungry." Another, who was formerly a governess, and whose father, now dead, was an Army officer, suffers from a most painful internal complaint. She had to change her quarters, and wrote to me in May:

"I have at last got nearly rid of the cold and cough, but I don't seem able to get back to even the little strength I had before the influenza. You will, I feel sure, be glad to hear that I have found somewhere to go for the summer, at any rate. It is a long journey, and I have to go by ambulance, so it will be, sad to say, a big expense, but I am trying not to worry. I should like to take this opportunity of telling you that I can make all kinds of woollies for babies, and shall be *very* glad of orders for such if I am not tied to time, as sometimes I have not the strength to work; but I *must* try and make a little to try to meet my expenses, which are heavy and cause me anxiety. . . . I have not been out of the room since November, and have been in bed the greater part of the time."

I could, unfortunately, fill the whole of my space with letters that reveal sore hearts and troubled minds, but I do not want unduly to sadden my helpers, who are, moreover, so readily responsive to the cry of distress that I feel that it is unnecessary to pile up case upon case to convince them of the desirability of the new project which I have very much at heart—the founding of a fund to be called

The SOS Fund

for the purpose of backing up the work of the SOS Corps and providing help in

other cases where money is very urgently needed.

Several helpers have, as a matter of fact, anticipated this appeal by sending money at different times for specially sad cases mentioned in these pages, and this very month I have a joyful letter from one of our invalids, telling me that one of the SOS Corps (who has limitless sympathy) has most kindly contributed towards and made possible a much needed spell in a convalescent home. There are cases, however, which sometimes confidence and sometimes space prevent me from mentioning at all, and whereas in any event several weeks must elapse before an appeal can appear in *THE QUIVER*, there is often need for *immediate* help. Undoubtedly the lack of a pocket into which the Army of Helpers can put a hand to meet emergencies as they arise is a great handicap to its usefulness.

I know a clergyman who for many years has run a fund which he calls the Secret Service Fund. It helps silently just "where want is silently clamorous," and it does incalculable good. The SOS Fund proposes to work on similar lines, and if I had to fill in the letters SOS, I should be inclined to call it

The Seek Out Suffering Fund

I much hope that helpers and readers in general will support it by sending anything and everything they can spare at any time. That small sums as well as large ones are useful and welcome is shown by the fact that I propose to give all the birthday gifts of half a crown to the SOS Fund, unless the donors state a wish to the contrary. Eight half-crowns make a pound, and a pound is not an insignificant sum in homes where it represents the total weekly income.

Relief

I think relief is the dominant note of the letters of people who have been helped. There is no better value for one's money than relief, whether it is relief from the pain of an aching tooth of one's own or the relief purchased for the tortured mind of another! And relief for the individual cases of the SOS Fund is not exorbitantly expensive. Twenty-three shillings in one case, a few pounds in another, make all the difference between peace and worry, hope and despair.

THE QUIVER

"Gained 2 lbs. 10 ozs. in Six Weeks"

At three months of age this little girl weighed only 6 lbs. 10 ozs. The doctor advised Mellin's Food, and she gained 11½ ozs. in a week—2 lbs. 10 ozs. in six weeks.

Mellin's Food

Prepared as directed, Mellin's Food is a perfect substitute for breast-milk. It is the nearest to Nature's Food.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.13.



Handbook sent free—
Samples forwarded
postage free on receipt
of sixpence in stamps.



You will be delighted with the result if you send your old **VELOUR, FELT, or HEAVEN** Hat to us. No matter how disreputable it looks, we can **DRY-CLEAN, RENOVATE, and RE-SHAPE** it so that it has a new lease of life.

The cost is from **3/- to 4/6**

Compare this with the cost of a new hat; besides which you have the choice of over 70 advance Autumn and Winter styles.

STITCH YOUR NAME and address inside the hat, and post it to us. We will acknowledge the parcel and send you our Catalogue; or, if you prefer, write first for Catalogue of over 70 Autumn and Winter shapes.

In sending to us you are dealing with the **ORIGINAL and LARGEST HAT Renovating Firm in the Kingdom.**

Tell your husbands that we also renovate Men's **Velour, Felt and Bowler Hats.**

**THE DUNSTABLE HAT
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*"Your Friend
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Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY



*For all Household ills,
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Other Valuable "Vaseline" Preparations.

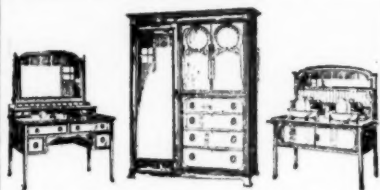
*"Vaseline" Mentholated
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THE QUIVER



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CASH or DEFERRED PAYMENTS.

Ensure the possession of a home that will give comfort, refinement, and life-long durability by furnishing at Jelks & Sons, whose huge stock of high-grade second-hand furniture, made of thoroughly seasoned wood and of pre-war manufacture, enables you to choose just those articles for Dining-room, Drawing-room, or Bedroom most in keeping with your individual tastes and requirements. In addition to the high intrinsic value of every piece of furniture to be had at this famous house, a further saving is made in cost, the prices being far below those demanded for present-day and inferior products.

£100,000

WORTH TO SELECT FROM

The huge stock contained in our extensive show-rooms, that cover an area exceeding 250,000 sq. ft., is so arranged as to make a leisurely inspection convenient and interesting. You will not be importuned to buy.

Monthly Bargain List sent Post Free.

Prompt Attention to Country Orders.

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This Splendid Baby Boy

is a strong, active, winsome, happy little fellow as his portrait tells. He has been reared on Neave's Food. Healthy, vigorous and bright, the bonny little chap has secured the first essential for his life success—a clear brain in a strong body.

Dr. —, D.Sc. (Edin.), B.Sc., M.D., C.M., D.P.H., Park Lane, W., writes:—"My baby girl is thriving admirably on your food. . . . The mother was unable to feed her, and previously tried other infant foods without success."

EVERY MOTHER should send for **Free Sample Tin**, which will be forwarded on receipt of 4d. for postage. Booklet, "Hints About Baby's" sent on receipt of post card.

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO. (Dept. A), FORDINGBRIDGE.

Babies thrive on

Neave's Food
The Safe Food

Sold everywhere in 1½ & 4½ Tins; also 6d. Packets.

Hindes' HAIR TINT For Grey or Faded Hair.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not turn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, 2/6 the **Flask**. To test the superlative merits of Hindes' Hair Tint a trial bottle will be mailed for 10d. post free on application to



TRIAL BOTTLE 10d.

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THE "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP & the SHAFTESBURY HOMES URGENTLY NEED **£25,000**

To PREVENT CURTAILMENT of ANY BRANCH OF THE SOCIETY'S WORK.

Patrons: Their Majesties the KING and QUEEN.
President: H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES.
Chairman and Treasurer: C. E. MALDEN, Esq., M.A.
Deputy Chairman: F. H. CLAYTON, Esq.
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Joint Secretaries: H. BRISTOW WALLER and HENRY G. COPELAND.

Cheques should be made payable to and sent to—
The Shaftesbury Homes & "Aarethusa" Training Ship.
164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2.

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

A Suggestion

In a month or two several of the Save the Children Fund subscribers will complete their year's adoption, and I am wondering hopefully whether some at least of them—with possibly a sprinkling of those who adopted godchildren outright with a year's payment—might be good enough to "carry on" with regular subscriptions for another year or half-year, these to be devoted to the SOS Fund. The need is very great. There is the same personal element. You will not pay your money and receive the unimaginative receipt which, as editors say, "closes the correspondence." The correspondence will only open with the first receipt, for I shall tell you exactly whom you are "adopting," whether your gifts go to a squalid home in one of the blackest Midland towns, or to the hardly less needy "one room" of an educated and work-worn gentlewoman. Nor are children by any means outside the scope of the SOS Fund. In nearly every case that I have in mind children would benefit. That you will hear from those you help, that you will have letters that, as a little girl I know says, "give you a comfy feeling inside," I can certainly promise you. You need not fear that because you cannot continue the gift indefinitely it is better not to begin it. That is a cramping creed. Give what and while you can. There is one very important point. Help is not given naphazard. The merits of every case are verified. You may feel quite sure that your money will purchase deep and honest thankfulness.

"S." for Shillings

The letter "S" seems to point a moral. In the name of the month which starts our new venture, *September*, and in the nomenclature of the Fund, SOS, it is prominent. S. also stands for *shillings*. The "Shilling on Shilling Fund" is an obvious amplification. This is a "hint for beneficence"!

A Wonderful Work

I was told the other day a most inspiring story about the organization of a Girls' Club by the headmistress of a Council school near Euston, and I was shown such an interesting letter from her about it that I am sure you would like to read it:

"The club itself is an outcome of the War. We found, as so many others found, that a good many existing activities had closed down, and that the girls had nowhere to go at a time when

they were particularly in need of fellowship and comfort and somewhere to spend their evening hours. Of course, in a district like Euston it was particularly desirable that there should be somewhere other than the streets for them to meet.

"We started in a very small way, just opening a room (lent by the Vicar) twice a week, to which any girl over school age might come. At first we could do little but just sing and talk and sew a little. We could only use one room (because of the Lighting Act), and the voluntary workers who came from time to time were constantly drawn off to other jobs. I often had forty to fifty girls to myself, and the only thing to do was to sit at the piano and play all the popular songs; whilst often on one side a girl was telling you her love affairs, and the other someone telling a pitiful bit of war news. Looking back, it is marvellous to me *why* they came—just a dirty, dingy old room, with only forms, and nothing much to do. But there was a fire and there was *fellowship*, and we just stuck together through it all (air raids included). Gradually of itself came the desire for organized work, and classes came into being—voluntary at first. But I found that if the club was to be efficient, voluntary help alone was not enough; it was necessary to have teachers who were *bound* to be present or find a substitute, and so when the Armistice came and we were no longer hampered over using other rooms, we started classes properly, with teachers paid by the London County Council. That has eased the work a lot; it means there is definite employment for her leisure for every girl who wants it, and it leaves the voluntary helper time and opportunity for the thing that is the centre of all club work—the getting into individual touch with the girls.

"The classes came quite gradually—just as the girls wanted them—and there has never been any compulsion to join them, but results speak for themselves. *Every* girl has joined at least one class, many coming two or three nights a week. One particular little group of girls had marked time for two or three years—they were not young, and worked hard all day in factories; they were inclined to be noisy, and I always felt at a loose end about them. They came to me at the end of an exhibition we had, and said they intended to join a millinery class (which my sister teaches). I told her with some misgiving. They joined—and the transformation! They are hard at work all day, and yet they work hard for two hours on Monday, and my sister says that as a result of twelve months' work (mind you, only two hours a week) they have mastered the technique and details so thoroughly that they could compete with any trained milliner.

"Our real club night is Monday. We have classes from 7 to 9—needlework, millinery and physical exercises. Then from 9 to 9.30 we dance and have free time. In addition to this there is a literature class on Tuesday and a singing class on Thursday. We also run a savings bank; and this term we are trying to run a library, but are hampered for lack of books. (The nearest public library is in Highgate, and it costs 4d. in bus fares to get there.)

"For the children who are still at school we open three nights a week, 5 to 7—Monday and

THE QUIVER

Thursday for library, and Tuesday for country and folk dancing. We get sometimes as many as seventy children present at the library evening, and as the winter comes on we shall get more.

"The more I work in this district the more convinced I am that the most crying need is for opportunity to use cleanly, wisely and happily the leisure hours, and I have dreams of some day, some when, having some house or hut that could be utilised in the day for a nursery class and a meeting-place for mothers, but that would be open every evening, first for the children and then later for the elder girls. However, that is in the far distance; for the present we are very happy, and very grateful to anyone who will take an interest in us. I should be very grateful for story books or novels for the club library. The girls are all kinds, from factory girls to clerks, so anything and everything is welcome."

No words of mine can add emphasis to the excellence of this undertaking. All I can do—and I shall do that very gladly—is to supply the address of the club to any helpers who are able to send books, or flowers, or "pieces," or anything *attractive* to help on this splendid work. Picture post cards and views—*far-away helpers*, *please note*—have also been suggested to me as welcome gifts. *Please ask for address before sending parcels.*

A Hundred Helpers

The heading refers, of course, to the fact, which will, I know, be joyfully received by many readers, that the hundredth adopter has been enrolled in connexion with our work for the Save the Children Fund. No. 100 wishes to remain anonymous. Besides the £5 4s. necessary for the year's adoption, she kindly sent a gift for Dr. Barnardo's Homes as well. Once again I should like to thank each one of the "noble one hundred," as well as the many generous contributors of money and gifts, for their splendid support. The adoptions alone represent £520; later on I will report the total amount collected. Mrs. Leggatt tells me that a Save the Children Fund Exhibition is being planned, to be held just before Christmas, and I hope to give details of it in the November number for the benefit of London readers and those who may be in town at that time. In the course of her letter Mrs. Leggatt says:

"This morning's post brought an unbleached calico dress for a child, embroidered so delightfully in blue and red, from one of your readers; and I have been bold enough to ask her to make me another, which I can keep to lend to working parties as an example of what a little colour

and possibly a *good deal* of time, and certainly a *great deal* of artistic feeling, can make out of unbleached calico."

Anonymous Gifts

The following donations are gratefully acknowledged:

Dr. Barnardo's Homes: E. M. P., £5; Greenock, 2s. 6d.; M. H. S. (Hull), 10s.; M. A. G., 6s. *Save the Children Fund:* "A Friend," £2; S. M. R., 10s.; A. B. A., £1; A. L. Z., 10s. *Home and Hospital for Incurables:* In loving memory (Brighton), 2s. 6d.

To the following I send best thanks for gifts of all kinds, letters, contributions, etc.:

Mrs. Osgerley, Miss Dugdale, Miss M. Drummond, Mrs. Orr, Mrs. Bence Smith, Miss B. Wilkins, Miss Amy Hall, Miss K. Fawke, P. A. Fletcher, Esq., Miss Edith Davenport, Miss Norah Douglas, Miss E. Roe, Miss Dorothy Wilson, Miss May Wilson, Miss Lydia Brown, Miss Paramor, Miss Shirley, Mrs. W. W. Webb, Mrs. W. H. Robinson, Mrs. C. A. Knight, Countess de Polignac, Miss G. Crouch, Miss Constance O'Brien, Mrs. Falkner, Mrs. G. Steer, Miss G. Strickland, Mrs. Lancaster, Mrs. Bathgate, Mrs. Wesley, "Thistle," Misses Bates and Male, Miss B. Smith, Miss Hilda Griffith, Miss K. Richardson, Mrs. Stuart Angus, Mrs. Biggs, Miss E. Box, Mrs. Hickford, Miss Dewfall, Miss Eleanor Casciani, Miss F. Marsh, Miss Ethel Jones, Mrs. Morgan, Miss Nina Stephenson Browne, Miss Isabel Paterson, Miss Edith Curtis, Miss Winifred Toogood, Misses Hicks, Miss M. Squirrel, Miss A. E. Clark, Mrs. Armitage, Miss Judson, Miss Werren, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Smyth, Miss E. M. Hunt, Mrs. Wheatley, Miss L. Nichols, Mrs. Swift, Miss Isa M. Watson, Madame Mikulowsha, Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Reid, Miss Taylor, Miss Betty Jefferys, Mrs. Orpwood, Miss E. Bennett, Miss Hinton, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. Robertson, Miss Christian Walker, Miss Winnifred Kirkham, Miss Owens, Mrs. Lucas, Miss Beatrice Cox, Mrs. Grundy, Miss Hettie Grimstead, Miss G. Moffatt, Miss G. F. Sprout, Mrs. Mary Viney, Mrs. Roylance Court, Mrs. Drewitt, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Dunn, Miss Lillian D. Milner, Miss Philipps, Miss Bawtree, Miss Edith Fidler, and others.

Important Notice.—In future all *money* can be sent to me at the Office. Gifts for individual cases will be administered through the SOS Fund. The request for *post cards before parcels* remains in force.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment? Address: MRS. GEORGE STURGEON, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.



HERCULES

OVERALLS FOR WOMEN AND
DAINTY FROCKS FOR CHILDREN

FRESH and dainty in appearance, hard-wearing, and sold in a wonderful variety of patterns, HERCULES garments have achieved a deservedly wide popularity.

Ask your draper to show them to you. You will find them reasonable in price and made of material that will stand almost any amount of wear. For use about the house, HERCULES OVERALLS are ideal in effecting economy in dress—clothes last twice as long if so protected. HERCULES can be washed over and over again without losing freshness—the delightful colours will not fade.

All these qualities also apply to HERCULES Children's frocks, which are just what the youngsters delight in wearing, as they can romp to their hearts' content without fear of spoiling their clothes. HERCULES can also be obtained by the yard for making-up at home.

OUR GUARANTEE

Every genuine Hercules garment bears the "Mother and Child" ticket, and is guaranteed. Should any Hercules garment prove unsatisfactory in wash or wear your Draper will at once replace it **FREE OF CHARGE**.



Mother and Child

If your Draper does not stock Hercules, please send to us for patterns, etc.

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(Dept. D.F.), Spinners and Manufacturers, MANCHESTER.
(Wholesale and Shipping only supplied.)

THE QUIVER

DON'T LOOK OLD!



But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

2/- Sold Everywhere. 2/-

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PERRIN & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions
Pimples
Redness
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Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PERRIN & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and is sold in bottles at 1/3 and 3/-. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sunscorch.

I WAS A SIGHT FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

I Cured it Quickly, Root and All, so it Never Returned.

I WILL SEND FREE FULL PARTICULARS OF THE SACRED HINDOO SECRET WHICH CURED ME.

For years I was the victim of horrid hair growths on my face and arms. I was a sight. Every time I met another woman with this "mannish" mark and saw how it spoiled her looks I became the more distracted, for I had tried all the pastes, powders,



The native women of India never have any trace of Superfluous Hair. I will send you the secret.

liquids, and other "hair-removers" I had ever heard of, but always with the same unsatisfactory result.

Finally my husband, a noted surgeon and an officer in the British Army, secured from a native Hindoo soldier (whom he had saved) the closely guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which forbids Hindoo women to have the slightest trace of hair except the hair on their head. I used it. In a few days all my hair growths had gone. To-day not a trace can be found. It has been killed for ever, root and all. My experience with this wonderful remedy was so remarkable that I feel it my duty to tell my experience to others afflicted that they may profit by it, and not waste their time and money on "worthless con-

coctions" as I did. Therefore, to any lady who will send me the coupon below or a copy of it, with your name and address, within the next few days, sending three penny stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send quite free full information so that you may for ever end all trace of embarrassing hair by the wonderful method that cured me. I will also send you free particulars of other valuable beauty secrets as soon as they are ready. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss, and address your letter as below.

THIS FREE COUPON

or copy of same to be sent with your name

Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair.

Address, FRANCESCA HUDSON, Index 43H, No. 3 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.

OLD HATS MADE NEW

AND REMODELLED TO PRESENT FASHION

The Cost is Trifling, so Don't Throw Away Your Old Hat!

VELOUR. FELT, BEAVER, Straw, Tagel, Panama and Leghorn

HATS REMODELLED.

Your old hat can be made new, smart and fashionable again to any design you like. Incredible results have been accomplished at A. Wright's Hat Renovating Factory (Dept. 83), Albert Road, Luton. Hats re-dyed to darker colours in Black, Navy and Nigger, except Felt and Velour Hats, which can only be re-dyed Black at an extra cost of 1/6 each. The success of A. Wright's is a credit to the clever Luton hat workers.

Ladies should first send for Free Catalogue of 70 styles of late fashionable shapes from which they can choose the design to which they wish their old hat remodelled. The cost is only 3/- to 4/6. Gent's Hats also renovated—4/6 to 6/6 (except Bowler or Silk Hats). We guarantee satisfaction in every case or refund money in full.

A. WRIGHT (Dept. 83), Albert Rd., LUTON.



LUTON is Famous for HATS.

"The Quiver" Parliament

PRIZE of a handsome volume is awarded to each of the writers of the letters printed below:—

The One Thing Lacking

"DEAR SIR,—The one thing the country has always lacked is social life, except, perhaps, in the farmyard!

"It is difficult to see why this should be, but it undoubtedly is so. Many people think that social life in the country is a very pleasant reality, until they try it, and then they invariably find that the social constrictions in ordinary village life quite outnumber those in busy London. In London the classes keep to themselves entirely, but in the country, though they are just as much apart, they try to mingle, and sometimes the result is far from pleasant. The lady of the manor tries to be friendly with the vicar's wife, but through her friendliness can always be seen her lofty condescension. 'These people are not as I am, therefore I pity them. I must be as nice to them as I can, without lowering myself too much.' The result is that there is no real co-operation between the two leading women in the village, as there always should be. The squire's lady and the parson's wife! They are the people who can make social life in the country a delightful reality instead of a disappointing illusion. As you say in your article, dear Editor, there are bound to be classes; everybody knows this at heart, and no sensible person would wish it were otherwise. But in a village, where there are only a few hundred people, living secluded in a little world of their own, a freer mixing of these classes would do a lot more good than harm. The wife of the average country parson shows a commendable interest in her husband's flock collectively, but displays a lamentable ignorance of them individually. That will not do; there will be no social life while that continues. Social life can be promoted in the country if efforts are made by everyone. The villagers, the inmates of the manor house, the dwellers in the vicarage, one and all must unite in a whole-hearted effort to make 'our village' bright and desirable. It will not hurt Phyllis from the manor to join the village choral society and sing next to Polly from the farm; it will not in any way injure the squire's son to go to the local rifle range with the son of his father's gamekeeper. Nobody will be harmed; everyone will benefit. It is not a case of losing one's position; it is more a case of keeping it. The villagers will respect a person who has no air of condescension if he pauses to remark upon the beauty of the scenery or the fineness of the day. Social life in the country is by no means unattainable; it only wants working for; and if

"Social Life in the Country" Our Readers' Opinions

a thing is worth having, nobody but a fool would mind working for it.—Yours faithfully,

"(MISS) GLADYS E. M. LINCOLN."

Women the Offenders

"DEAR SIR,—I was greatly interested in your article on this subject, especially as your village seems to be typical of many. Certainly it hits off our village very well. I particularly appreciated your difficulty in explaining the laws of caste as prevailing in your village.

"The Village Schoolmistress.—One of the things which struck me first in this village was the position of the schoolmistress. She is a most refined, courteous, energetic woman, and, as befits her position, well read and well educated. I know she comes of a good family—a family which would compare more than favourably with any of the highest in our village. In any village affairs she takes a prominent part, especially a useful part.

"In any town her social position would be amongst doctors and other people of a similar social standing. Here her position is not enviable—too refined and well educated for some classes, not quite good enough in some queer, unexplainable way for our select class, the members of which do not fail to make use, when necessary, of her superior capabilities. People like our schoolmistress are starved intellectually in our village.

"Women the Offenders.—I notice in our village these class distinctions are not nearly so prominent among the men, unless where influenced by their womenfolk. They frequent the same billiard-room, play in the same game of cricket or football, and generally are on the most familiar terms. The women of our élite circle seem to be afraid of walking with or speaking to a woman whose social position is inferior to their own. This suggests to me they feel their own social position is so insecurely balanced it will not stand any wobbling.

"I am really puzzled about our highest little circle. I am anxious to know why they should take it for granted they are superior people. They have neither high birth, beauty, nor abundance of brains to boast of. One or two families have been in the neighbourhood for a century or more, but if one takes the trouble to investigate their history, one finds their men folks have been drunken, gambling rouds.

"I lay the blame for the lack of social life in our village on the members of our small, select circle. 'Manners maketh man,' I've been told, and I see now why women were left out of it, for it is the lack of courtesy on the part of women, whose manners *should* set an example, that causes the formation of these pitiable little cliques. People who consider themselves the 'best' people should certainly possess the best

THE QUIVER

manners. Rather they *do* possess them, but keep them for the members of their own circle. It gives one the idea they think people of inferior position are not able to distinguish good manners from bad.

"Women's Institute.—I was greatly amused, Mr. Editor, at your description of the women's institute in your village. You weren't by any chance present at one in our village?"

"The women's institute has excellent aims. One is to level these petty class distinctions, but this aim will never be accomplished in our village. Our highest circle is again to blame. With few exceptions its members sit together the whole evening, chat together, and one or two younger members smile with mutual derision when a girl with a charming voice, but unfortunately not so well educated as they, misplaces a few aspirates in her song.

"Education the Leveller.—Education is said to be the leveller of class distinctions, but this does not hold good in our village. Our rule is 'Who was your father?' Was he an honest working man who reared a large family on a few shillings a week, taught them all honesty, educated the more fortunate younger members of the family, saved a few hundred pounds for his old age, and died looking the whole world in the face, or was he a drunken scamp owing money everywhere, thinking every pretty girl his prey, but yet of a 'superior' class to the working man?"

"I feel, Mr. Editor, I have rambled on until my letter may be too long to suit your needs, but in conclusion I just want to say the best palliative for the lack of social life in the country is to keep oneself occupied, mind and body.

"(Miss) CHARLOTTE JERVIS."

Village Life Better than Town

"DEAR SIR,—In the course of your article on 'Social Life in the Country' you say some very hard things. You evidently stay in one of those modern villages composed of villas surrounded by high railings. Now, Mr. Editor, do the people in cities and towns extend the right hand of fellowship to every stranger?"

"I will always remember an experience I had while staying for a few days in a middle-class party leave the house next door, and on asking my hostess what had been the cause of death, I found, much to my surprise, that she did not even know any of her neighbours had been ill. Now, that would never happen in the country, the very fact of the doctor visiting the house would bring a host of callers.

"I have found that the smaller the village the more social are the people towards each other.

"When the average city dweller goes to reside in a small village they generally adopt a very superior attitude, and try to make the natives believe that they (the strangers) are people of importance, and that the village should consider itself highly honoured with their presence. The villager folk don't care for that sort of attitude, and the stranger is left severely alone until he comes down to his proper level.

"Village life is, in my opinion, far before city life. Take away the city theatres, picture houses, shop windows, fancy tea-rooms. What have you left? Nothing but buildings, bad air, smoke and dirt.

"In the country villages you have Nature at her best—lovely scenery, plenty of fresh air, and a certain amount of freedom not enjoyed by city dwellers. If the villages had some of the libraries and educational institutions which the city people have and don't appreciate, then the village people would be very well off indeed.

"If ever you wish to have one real night's enjoyment, you must come to one of our social evenings. No fancy dresses, low necks, high-heeled shoes, or painted faces. Everyone is there to enjoy themselves, and you don't need to be too particular about your dress suit being cut to the latest fashion.

"D. RICHMOND."

The Women's Institute—a Protest

"DEAR SIR,—As members of a women's institute, we were much distressed to see your slighting remarks on the value of an institute in a village. It is hardly fair to judge a great movement by an example which, from your interpretation of its influence and work, breaks every first principle and root ideal of its aims and objects.

"The great ideal of women's institutes is to foster a feeling of sisterhood, and, through our common interests as women and members of the same village community, to break down any walls of mistrust which social conventions or difference in sect may have caused to grow up. That this is done is surely proved by members, who themselves say, 'What I like about institutes is, there's no tops and no bottoms'; or again, 'I've belonged to the institute for a year now, and I've never once been patronized.'

"In a properly organized institute the members themselves draw up the programmes, select subjects for discussion, and generally see that the wishes of the whole institute are carried out. As elections of officers and committee are held annually, there is no excuse for an institute which allows itself to be managed on undemocratic lines.

"In our own village, a short distance from a large manufacturing town, we find that all the various members of the community—the real old villagers, suburban new-comers, and old-time residents—meet happily for the common good of all, and though we have only been in existence for just over two years, a good deal has been done to break down old cliques and to welcome new-comers (who are often so neglected in a village) to our midst.

"The fact that, though the first British women's institute was only started in 1915, there are now over 2,000 seems to prove that the movement does supply a felt want.

"Perhaps the best advertisement of all is supplied when a visitor at an ordinary monthly meeting says (as happens very constantly), 'What splendid things women's institutes are! How I wish we had one in our village!' That is often the beginning of a new institute.

"May we hope that you will kindly print this letter, in which we have attempted to show that patronage and 'kind ladies' giving people what they think is good for them play no part in a women's institute which is loyal to its ideals?—Believe us to be,

"W. M. BLAGG, President.

"M. E. BAKER, Secretary."

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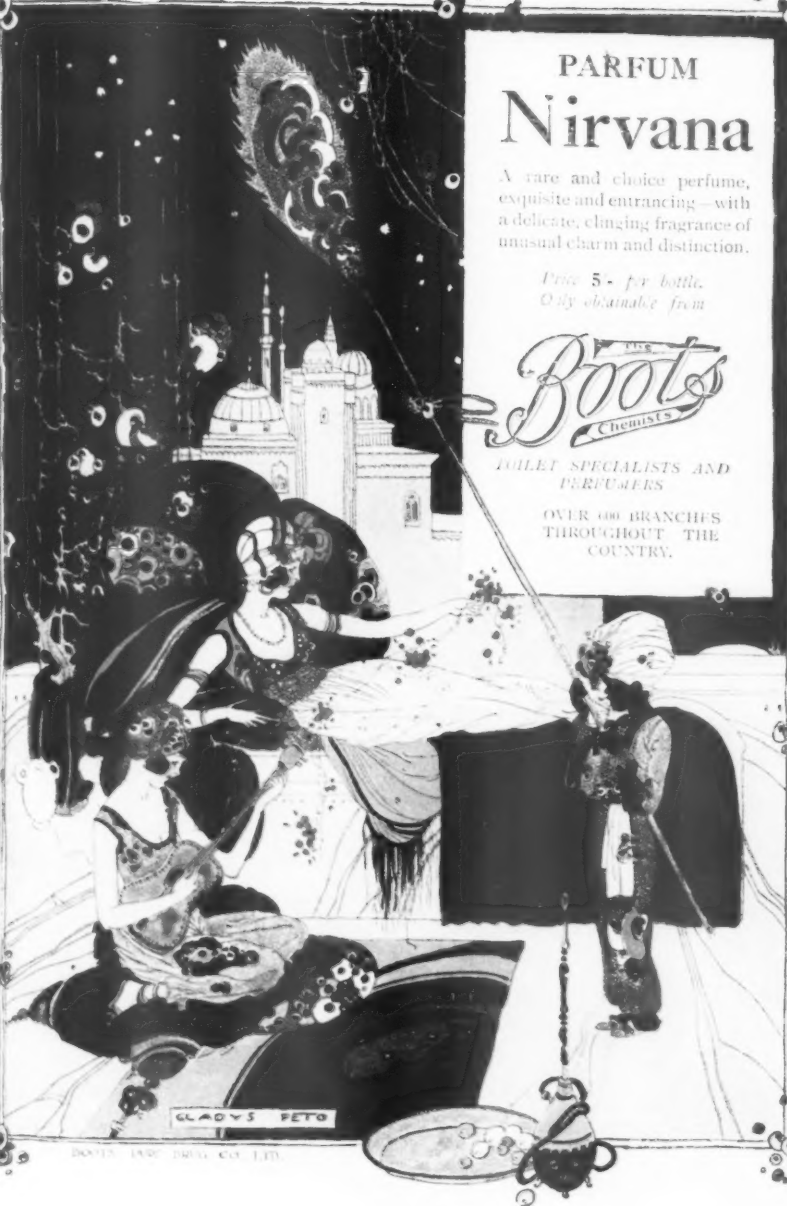
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